The SPHERE
Vol. CXXX. No. 1705 SEPT. 24, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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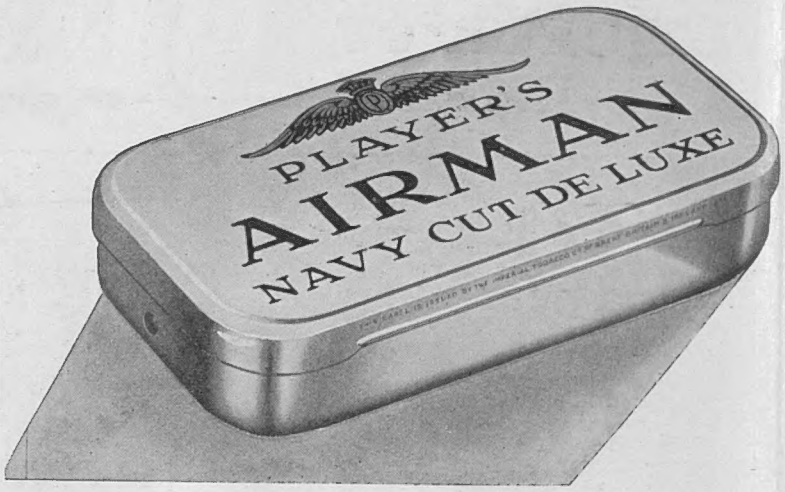

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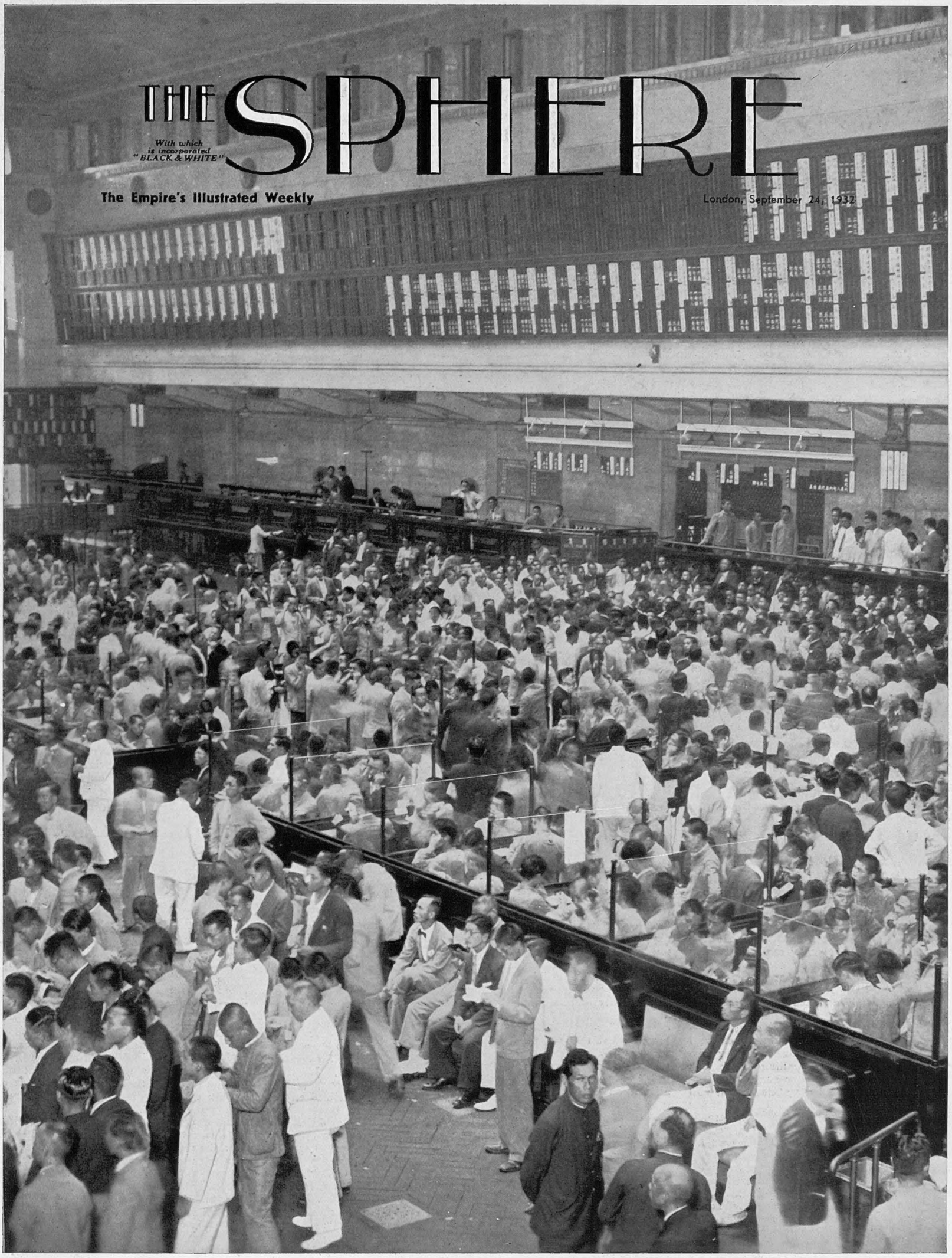
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 24, 1932



JAPAN'S FINANCIAL CENTRE : A Busy Day in the Well-equipped Bourse in Tokio

(From a new picture just received)

Japan is occupying a first place in the attention of all the great political centres of the world. On Thursday of last week Japan gave Manchukuo, the new Manchurian Republic, its cachet of recognition, which is regarded as a clear indication that the island empire stands at the back of the new republic politically as well as financially. In the process of development it has just been stated that she has invested capital in Manchuria to the extent of 2,200,000,000 yen. During this period the population has grown from 20,000,000 to 34,000,000. The financial health of Japan itself which depends, vide Professor John E. Orchard, author of the exhaustive text-book on *Japan's Economic Position*, very largely on her power to export, is very much the same as other manufacturing countries. In certain directions financial world changes have improved matters—new artificial silk manufactories are being built. On the other hand, £17,000,000 are to be raised by public loans for the relief of distress, which is very acute in rural districts. How technically well equipped her bourse is can be seen from this interior view of the Stock Exchange in Tokio. It would appear to excel in this respect any other institution of its kind in the world

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

WALES AND SCOTLAND: The Prince of Wales chatting with Captain L. F. Machin, commanding officer of the guard of honour at Balmoral Station, drawn from the King's Own Scottish Borderers. H.R.H., as H.M., adopts the national dress at Balmoral

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 21, 1932.

LANCASHIRE IN THE BALANCE.

—While another Cotton Conference is sitting, let us examine again the fundamentals of this vital industry. It seems to me that the causes of the tragedy can be put in a nutshell. The operatives have refused to credit that Queen Anne is dead; the owners that King George V reigns. The operatives cleave to the traditions of the industry when Manchester held a world monopoly; the owners persistently underrate the power and obstinacy of trade unionism. I spoke last week of the appalling and lasting havoc wrought on our surviving overseas markets by a week's strike, and drew the conclusion that both sides are sincere in the belief that their case, if not altruistic, is at least unanswerable in a final show-down. It is a case for education and propaganda directed upon both sides by the suffering community. The industry is sick and antiquated through many causes. Demand has fallen; the companies suffered after the War from mad finance and over-capitalization. Redundant capital was used in setting up unnecessary plant, most of which is now obsolete. Fancy wears were invented (without consulting our markets) to keep that plant at work, and these goods were expensively displayed before reluctant buyers. Instead of finding out what overseas buyers wanted, we bored them and glutted them with the output of redundant machinery.

EASY TO SAY.

—It is easy enough to say that the only salvation for masters and men and their industry to-day is to shut down redundant and antiquated machinery and to concentrate on turning out from up-to-date mills those lines for which there is a steady demand at home and abroad. It is easy to say it. With the present temper in Lancashire it cannot be achieved without education and a strong hand. It cannot, in fact, be achieved at all inside the industry or without outside interference. There is, on one side, the question of compensation to the affected mill owners; on the other, the obstinate refusal of the workers to see the necessity for reduction in the numbers employed; or for those that remain, the impossibility of retaining present rates of pay in combination with shorter or even similar hours of work. But I believe that the horizon is not completely black. There is reason to think that at last the ground is ripe for sowing the seeds of wisdom. The owners are alive to their past failures. The more sane elements among the operatives realize at last that their hereditary means of support are crumbling to disintegration before their eyes. The time is ripe for Government intervention, at least in the field of education. The present tragical temper is not confined to the cotton industry alone.

COLOSSAL TRAGEDY AND PLUCK.

—Still as of old the affairs of China are wrapped in impenetrable mystery. When a chance comes to learn something of the truth from that vast, distressful country, to discover how much ability, sacrifice, and pluck that unknown Barbary is capable of, it is only fair that we should take it and pass on our information. The great Yangtze floods were a subject for exaggeration. The exaggeration was not tremendous enough to stir our blood, yet the truth is staggering enough. Actually those abnormal floods covered 40,000 square miles of agricultural land and affected a population of 25,000,000 people. At the lowest computation, 120,000 were drowned. Large towns were entirely blotted out. Famine stared 10,000,000 in the face. In this crisis the National Government rose to the occasion and shouldered the responsibility. A Flood Commission was appointed and did wonders in the face of panic, disorganization, lack of money, and civil war. Taxes were imposed, and 500,000 tons of surplus wheat from the United States were purchased for food and for wages. Concentration camps for millions of refugees were established, and the work of repatriation, when the land dried up, was accomplished. Then the vital task of rebuilding the dykes was started. There were 3,000 miles of main dykes to be rebuilt, on the evidence of Sir J. Hope Simpson, and as many miles of subsidiary dykes. At one time 1,500,000 men were working on the main dykes alone—which gives an idea of the organization and supply problem set to the authorities, composed entirely of Chinese. The work was finished in six months. During all this work, 7,000,000 persons were receiving relief in money or kind, in the teeth of depredations by bandits and the irregulars of the Soviet Government. In these circumstances, we may justly and wholeheartedly express our admiration for the courage and high abilities of the Chinese National Government. It accomplished the impossible. Britain, in her own hour of need, could hardly have bettered the work.

BARKIS IS WILLING.

—To me the most interesting item in the press last week was a reminder of past and forgotten history—the list of those gentlemen who might have been willing to swamp the House of Lords in the event of rejection of the Parliament Bill by that House. It was published by *The Times* in an instalment of the new life of Lord Oxford. There are about 200 names of Privy Councillors, eldest sons, baronets, and landowners. At first sight, one is struck by the efficiency of this body of candidates; in intellect and experience it would have enriched any body of legislators. Second thoughts give rise to the reflection: how many of these liberally minded gentlemen would to-day be Die-hard Tory peers? How many indeed are to-day Die-hard Tories? Many of them have, of course, now reached the Upper House through different channels. Here are a few of the names on that roughly drawn-up list:—Sir Edgar Speyer, Sir John Brunner, Sir George Trevelyan, George Russell, Sir John Dewar, Sir Walter Runciman, Anthony Hope, Bertrand Russell, Sir John Horner, Baden-Powell, Lord R. Cavendish, Sir John Gorst, Sir Ian Hamilton, Cecil Grenfell, — McKenna (can the great Mr. McKenna have been thus cavalierly noticed?), Sir Owen Philipps, Rollo Russell, Gilbert Murray, J. A. Spender, Sir Abe Bailey, Thomas Hardy, O.M., John Churchill, Sir Wilfred Lawson, J. M. Barrie, Sir George Riddell, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir William Robertson, J. Seligman, St. George Fox Pitt. Surely it is not a case of "Some have greatness thrust upon them," ; rather of "There are as good fish in the sea . . ." I always thought that Hilaire Belloc was on the list—vide Blunt's Diaries. Apparently he wasn't. The whole thing tickles me very much. It makes me laugh, I fear maliciously. How merciful it is that political memory is so short and frail. And again, how illogically human beings distinguish their supermen. Napoleon, who murdered in millions and devastated a third of Europe, is immortal; Ross, who saved a million lives and made habitable a third of the world's face, died little known to the public. And only a tiny percentage of distinguished Englishmen take any part in the making of British laws or the settlement of the national policy.

THE ECLIPSE.

—I shall not soon forget the eclipse of the moon of September 14, 1932. For surely never was that phenomenon observed under conditions so idyllic and ideal. It was a tropical night, when it was delicious to sit out and drink in the scent of verbena and sweet geranium. The sky was clear and every star in the firmament blazed, and new milky ways lay in luminous ribbons across the sky. A special display of meteors whiled away the waiting minutes, and when at 10 o'clock the maximum eclipse was reached there rode the Regent of the Night, in unfamiliar armour of burnished copper and silver helmet, luminous with filtered rays as though she were a harvest moon unhampered by the shadow of her employer. It was not a night on which to sit indoors with closed curtains; a night, like this summer of 1932, to remember with thankfulness and wonder.

A LIGHT SENTENCE.

—It seems unlikely that our roads will grow less dangerous until the constantly-promised rigour in imposing sentences for reckless driving is practised by magistrates and judges. Last week a youth was convicted of criminal disregard of the laws of God and man while driving a car at reckless speed through London. It was proved that he habitually drove at speeds exceeding 60 m.p.h. and that nearly seventy convictions for motoring offences stood to his discredit. Police and the magistrature he had sometimes treated with scant courtesy, and he was a terror of the roads. He was fined £50, his licence was endorsed, and he was disqualified from driving for five years. Having regard to his family circumstances, the fine of £50, though severe as a fine, could not conceivably inflict more embarrassment on the guilty party than a fine of 10s. imposed on a bus-driver. If ever there was a case for a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment, one would say this was such a case. Legal punishment should be deterrent as well as corrective. And this expensively-educated youth should have worn prison garb and had his hair cropped, if only to convince the nation that our magnificent legal system is indeed strong, determined, and impartial.

THE SMALL HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

—The First Commissioner of Works said all there is to be said about the lesser homes of England when he opened the Building Exhibition at Olympia last week. The British small house, erected in past years, had established a model of beauty which was respected throughout the world, and had proved an inspiration to artists and poets. And in thus dwelling on the past, he silently condemned the present, for he rightly attributed that ancient beauty and fitness to the love of craftsmen for their work, and the determination of builders to use good materials for their work. To-day artist and poet seek inspiration elsewhere. Machinery drove the craftsman out of business, and the economic troubles of the day brought in the shoddy and the gimcrack. To what extent the tragic failures in small house building during the last decades could have been remedied by State control properly exercised, we do not know. The major causes of the uglification of England were beyond prevention by a single nation, however wisely governed. It may be that Olympia 1932 may guide the present generation of builders to the way of salvation for such part of our heritage as remains unspoilt.

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR.

—For some years the Argonaut Press has published each autumn a volume of essays of the year by writers of the day. The journalists and scribes who slave for the public, often anonymously, day after day the year through, find themselves once a year "hung on the line" like promising schoolboy artists on Parents' Day. Surely we deserve this little hour, and sometimes surely our annual exhibition repays inspection. Here are Gordon Craig, Delafield, Ervine, Herbert, Lucas, Lynd, Rose Macaulay, Morgan, Murry, Walpole,

sletter

and many others dressed in their Sunday best and on view *en masse* at a trifling dollar. In *Essays of the Year 1931–32*, just published, Chesterton explains the nature of the essay, or rather explains it away. For his conclusion is that the essay is an attempt to do something which is neither defined nor definable, never yet achieved nor achievable, an attempt essentially English. My own definition of the essay is not much more conclusive. The essay in my view is a forlorn effort to achieve one of two miracles; in 1,500 words or so, to say everything or to say nothing, and I know not which of those two miracles is the harder to accomplish. To compress into a few pages the whole philosophy of life or to give substance, weight, character, wit, wisdom, and importance to the shadow of nothingness through the length and breadth of twice five close-printed pages. Twenty-five experienced pen-men and pen-women seek to achieve one or other of these miracles in *Essays of the Year 1931–32*, and their different methods afford a very interesting study. Clearly there is no common form, no technique which can be reduced to a formula and learned by rote. Each of us has discovered by patient practice a more or less satisfactory method of drawing characters on the sand for Time and Tide to wash away. And once a year a benefactor inspects our sand castles and protects the best of them with a sea-wall and a glass roof.

MR. CREEVEY.—Time and again in current literature one comes upon the name of Thomas Creevey misspelt. The mistake is so common that the other day I turned to the *Dictionary of National Biography* to discover if alternative spellings were justified; only to find that he was not to be found! Neither in the body nor in the supplements of my edition of that immortal work is Creevey given his paragraph. A strange omission, if we consider how many sidelights he shed on the characters and lives of the public men of his day, and how valuable to historians are his memorials of the Reform Bill age. True, Creevey's origins and youth are both obscure. Little is known of him till he was launched first in the political world. But thenceforward this poor Irishman was *persona grata* with the great men of all parties, from Wellington downwards. Indeed, his account of Wellington after Waterloo alone entitles him to a page in our history. I believe the descendants of his stepdaughters—the Misses Ord—still preserve papers and details concerning Creevey not known to the public. To one of these stepdaughters the best of his published commentaries were made, and I fancy there is more. Creevey has been little touched on by biographists. Even Lytton Strachey gives him but a few pages of unnecessary contempt. I should like tardy justice done him. Given the material, I would try my hand at it.

THIS COCK-EYED WORLD.—The direct cause of the raising of the price of petrol by 3d. a gallon is over-production. That is the curious fact which we must absorb into our economic systems. We must, in short, revise our first principles and fundamental beliefs. A glut of a commodity means ultimately a higher price to the consumer. It is an argument which at first sight seems to play into the hands of the communist, because the public is made to suffer in order that the commercial interests may live and pay dividends. But there is, of course, another side to the picture. The great oil combines may appear to the small consumer as the bloated giant appeared to Jack, rich monopolists employing the tyranny of giants. But it is fair to remember how these combines have themselves suffered through unrestrainable over-production, which could only be met in an emergency by severe price cutting, to the consumer's benefit. The nation will suffer through the falling off of revenue receipts, though increased dividends liable to income-tax will alleviate the loss. The road haulage interests will suffer and the car industry will suffer. But it's an ill-wind, etc. . . . The modest private motorist will not even now find the cost of his moderate consumption of petrol a very serious item, and on October 1 he will find the roads most pleasantly rid of redundant traffic.

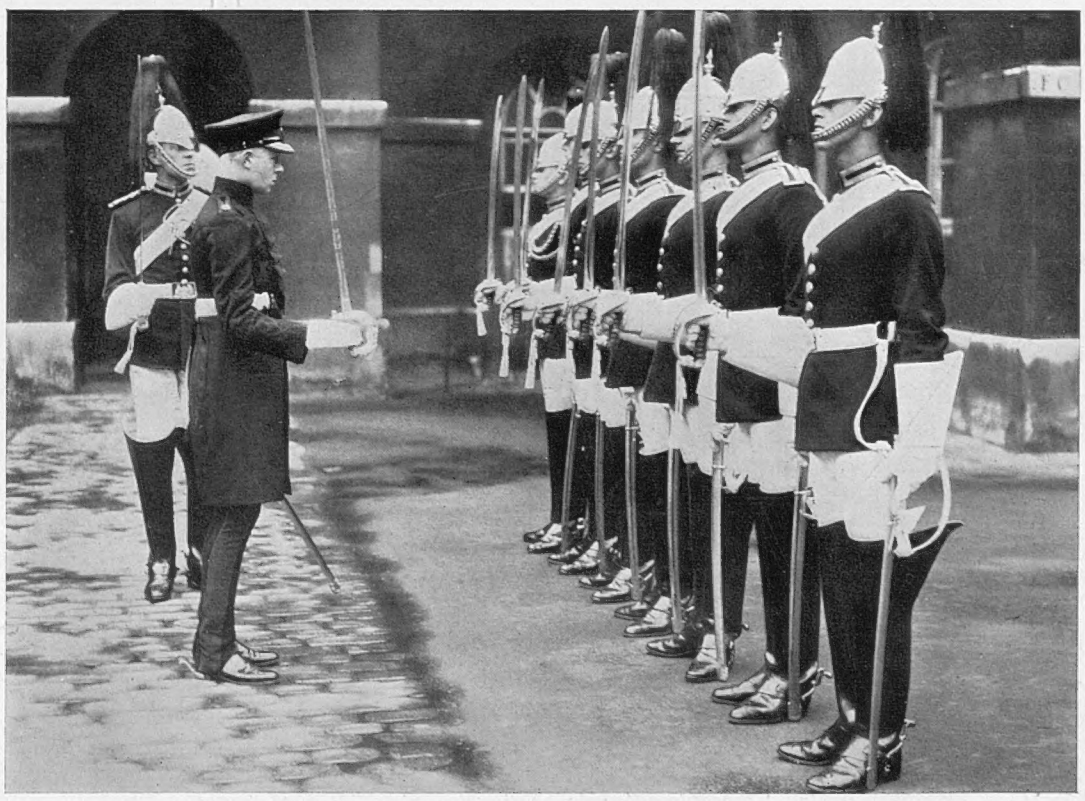
HELP YOURSELF.—The maxim, "Help yourself," has too long been the prerogative of the thief. Lord Trenchard suggested recently that it should be adopted as a slogan by the honest man, and slowly his hint is being absorbed into our consciousness. The age in which we live has no place for Wagner's honest fool albeit he darkens the face of the earth; and Lord Trenchard and his forces can help only those who help themselves.

THE OLD STAGER.

VETERANS: When the largest rally of the British Legion ever held in the metropolitan area took place in Hyde Park last week-end, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Maurice Jenks, took the salute. The march-past was, fittingly enough, both with the occasion and the national character, led by Chelsea Pensioners

BLUFF KING HAL in the pageant dealing with events in the history of Esher were re-enacted, and was held on Sandown Racecourse

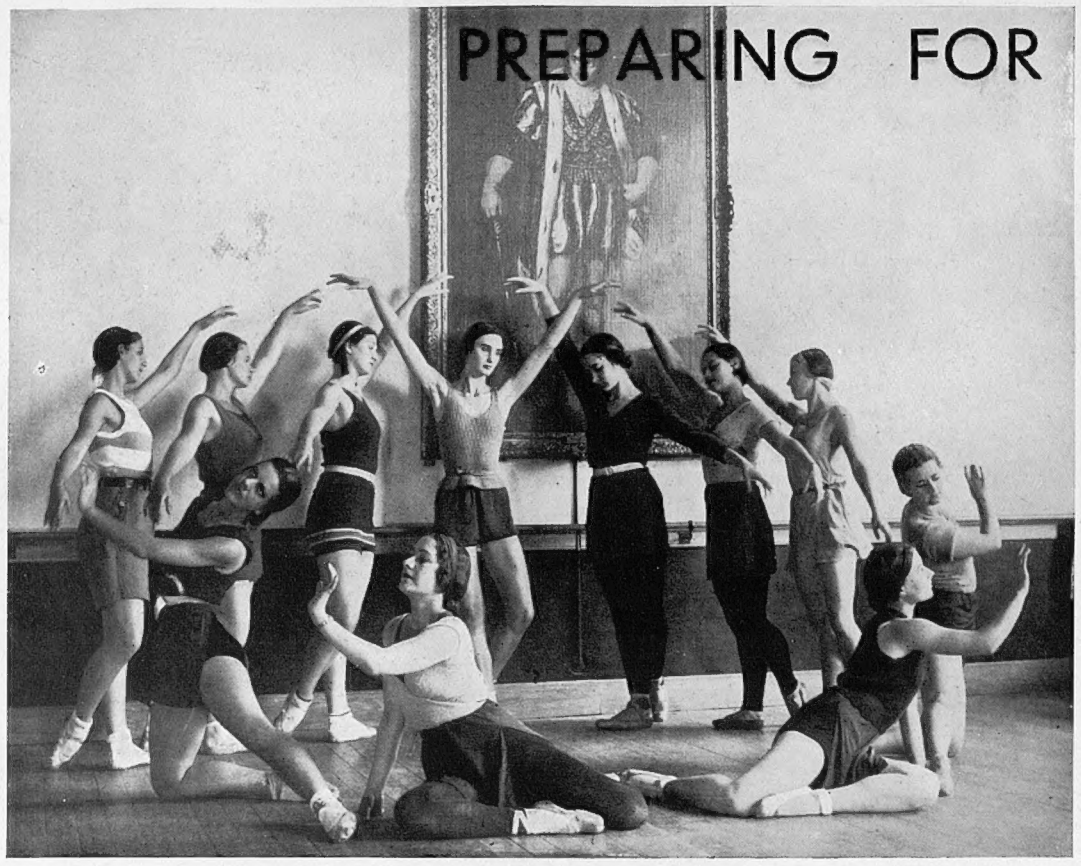
FISHERMAN'S DAY: The annual Fisherman's Walk at Cockenzie, near Edinburgh, was held last week-end and was well attended by the fisher-folk of both sexes. A reel (rivalling in vigour the "Kitchen Lancers" of our youth) is seen above



A NEWLY SUCCEEDED PEER INSPECTS THE GUARD: Lieutenant Lord Sudeley (until his father's death—announced on the day of the funeral—a few days ago he was Lieutenant the Hon. R. A. F. Hanbury-Tracy) is, despite his accession to the Peerage, carrying out his normal duties as an officer of the Royal Horse Guards in Whitehall

PREPARING FOR COPENHAGEN

And Some Home Matters



TO REPRESENT BRITAIN IN DENMARK: The British Trade and Industry Exhibition in Copenhagen will be a first-class effort, and many facets of our commerce will be on view. The right-hand picture shows one of the motor-cars—a baby Singer—being hauled aboard at Millwall Docks. One car belonging to the Prince of Wales is being displayed, incidentally. *On left* is a rehearsal, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, of the Corps de Ballet, selected from the Association of Operatic Dancing, which is to visit Denmark's capital in connection with the exhibition

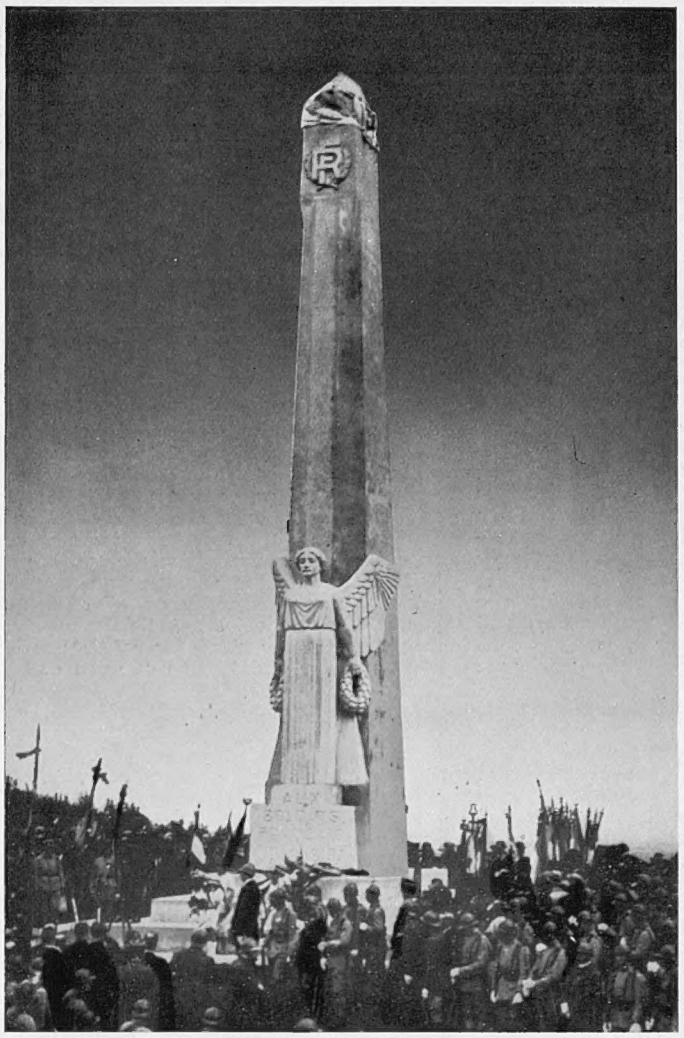
HONOUR TO SIR WALTER SCOTT: The plaque unveiled by Lady Maxwell Scott, the wife of Major-General Sir Walter Maxwell Scott, great-grandson of the poet and novelist, at Jedburgh, Roxburghshire

THE L.G.O.C. CONFERENCE: Mutual concessions, largely on the part of the employers, have averted the threatened strike. Mr. A. E. S. Coates (delegate of the Standing Order), Mr. F. E. Sneeling (Chairman of the Conference), and Mr. A. F. Papworth are seen above

DISASTER IN THE FOG: The French air mail liner, which crashed in the grounds of the Selsdon Park Hotel, near Croydon, with the death of the pilot, M. Gustave Demeuldre, and serious injury to the mechanic, M. Raymond Freval. They disregarded warnings to return

A SULTAN'S BABY HEIR IN EUROPE

And Other Continental Matters



TO THE IMMORTAL DEAD OF FRANCE: Erected at Mont Kemmel, Belgium, to the memory of those who fell fighting in this area

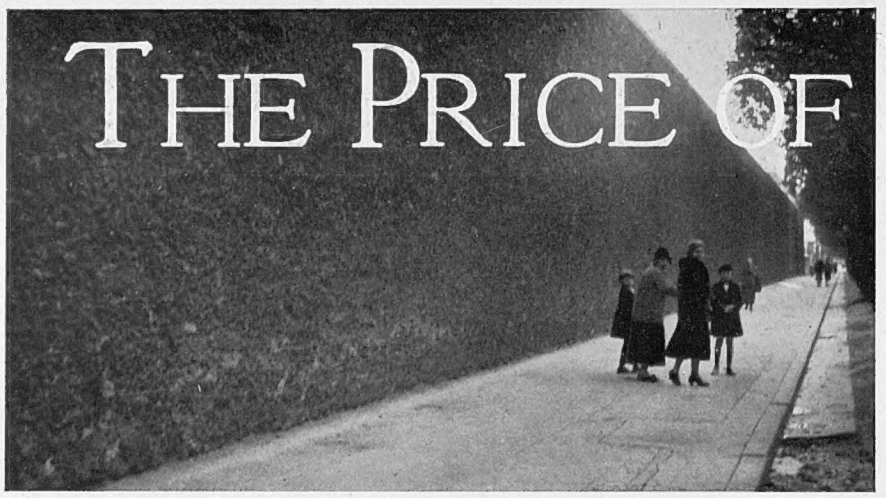
TRAGEDY IN ALGERIA: The debris of the derailed troop train which fell into a ravine near Turenne, Algeria, when carrying nearly 500 legionaries to Morocco. The dead number 100 odd

AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT: When a ferry carrying 800 hikers from Newcastle, N.S.W., reached its destination the wharf collapsed when thirty passengers jumped on to it and some had to be rescued!

ISLAM IN PARIS: The Sultan of Morocco visits the Paris mosque for the weekly prayers. He was accompanied by his small son, who was perhaps more attracted by the toyshop nearby than by the devotions. A toy motor-car proved an irresistible attraction

AT THE GERMAN "ST. LEGER": The autumn meeting at Berlin Grünewald showed no diminution either of fashion or of attendance despite the political upheaval, the economic chaos, and the national disturbances that Germany puts in her shop window to touch Europe's heart

THE NATIONAL BEVERAGE: The famous "October Löwen" in Munich has opened again—Bavaria is less badly hit by the depression than the more industrial areas of the Reich—and one of the giant beer cars brought up for next month's jollifications is seen above



THE GREAT BARE WALL of the Santé Prison runs along the uninviting Boulevard Arago, fringed with plane trees

THE PRICE OF MURDER PAID

An Eyewitness's Narrative of the Surviving Barbarous Ritual by which the Assassin of Doumer Met His Death in Paris

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

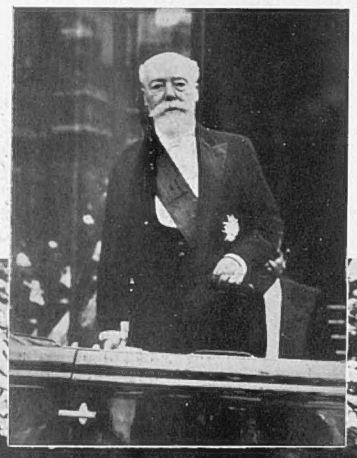
Until 5.56 a.m. on Wednesday, September 14, 1932, I had never seen a man die.

But on that day and minute, from a distance of about six yards, I saw the severed head of the assassin of the President of the French Republic fall into what looked like an old-fashioned fireside coal-box.

What are the impressions and feelings of a man whose first sight of death is so terrible an act of justice?

Of the macabre drama, lit by gas street lights, that grew in intensity as it unfolded itself before my eyes throughout the long hours of the night of Tuesday-Wednesday, September 13–14, I retain two memories, unforgettable for their sheer cruelty and horror.

The Santé Prison is surrounded by a stone wall some 40 ft. high, over which loom at intervals grim buildings, through whose heavily barred windows dim lights filter at night to the happy, indifferent world outside. It is square. On one of its four sides its great bare wall runs along the uninviting Boulevard Arago. The opposite side of the boulevard is, on this stretch, bounded by another smaller, more human wall, some 15 ft. high, which hides a convent garden. Between these two walls runs a wide, cobbled avenue, with a walk on either side planted with plane trees. No one ever lingers here, no cheerful homes open their front doors into it. Surely, this desolate stretch of road is the most sinister in the world, for on a certain spot, half way down under a gas street lamp, the horrible engine of justice of the French Republic decapitates murderers and assassins. How many of those who wander about happy, Bohemian Montparnasse and the joyous Latin Quarter, teeming with twenty-one-year old philosophers, know that they are within a hundred yards of this unhallowed spot.



I arrived outside the Santé Prison about 10.45 p.m. on Tuesday evening. The Boulevard Arago had not yet been closed to the public and its usually empty spaces were full of little groups of curious people telling each other gory details of previous executions that they had from some policeman. Soon, however, squad after squad of police began to arrive and cordons were established at every cross-road leading into the Boulevard. From only one point could the hundreds of spectators—who were to become thousands as the night wore on—see anything at all. In the rue de la Santé over the heads of the police they were able to see two closed vans go by at intervals. The first contained the guillotine itself and the second, Gorguloff, its victim. But of the execution itself they could see nothing. Beyond the convent wall some two hundred yards away a few houses commanded the actual scene. Spectators crowded their windows. Even with the aid of field glasses they could see nothing because the plane trees obscured their vision and at the moment that Gorguloff alighted from the van the street lamp which cast its yellow light over the guillotine was extinguished, leaving all in the gloom of an overcast dawn. Yet, able to see nothing, thousands thronged the barriers the night through.

A late summer's evening had declined into a beautiful moonlit night. Not a breath stirred the foliage of the double line of plane trees. Pickets of policemen and Republican Guards were chatting easily up and down the Boulevard.

Over the way the chimes of the convent clock musically struck the half-hours, while as regularly five minutes later the bell of the prison clock clanged harsh and unreverberating. Inside the prison a man slept unaware of the hundreds outside engaged in fearful preparations for his awakening. The first acts of this drama, whose supreme culmination was to be ended in a few seconds, seemed to hang fire. The master dramatist did not seem to know his business. And yet, looking back, how mistaken I realize that impression of the moment to be. Those empty hours up to 4.20 a.m. standing about waiting, always waiting for something to happen, tired one out physically and gave a fine edge to the nerves.

Hurdles had been set up as two sides of a square, the third side of which was the prison wall, while the fourth was free to the Boulevard Arago.

At last at 4.20 a.m. a van drew up at the guillotine enclosure. The doors swung open. Revealed in the dim light of a swinging hurricane lamp was a youth in a brown overall, seated high upon a pile of furniture as if in an armchair.

He leapt lightly to the ground and the five other overalled men appeared to help him unload the furniture. Dreadful furniture—the guillotine and its appurtenances in pieces like a child's meccano. The first object that fell on to the cobble stones was a bucket and sponges. Next came something that looked like an old-fashioned fireside coal-box. Then a simple household broom. Nothing that was to come out of its loathsome maw, not even the upright posts for the knife, seized my imagination so much as that bucket, that coal-box, and that broom. For what could they be used? Other objects that followed were a sack, a long hamper—the size of a man's body—two long posts, a pulley, and lengths of wood and iron of all sizes and shapes.

A single hitch in the final working of the guillotine is too terrible to be contemplated. Mathematical precision is therefore required in setting it up. This was the explanation of what seemed to be the deliberate dawdling of the "removal" men as they set about erecting their engine.

Some five hundred persons watched with breathless absorption their every slow movement. At 4.20 the unloading of the van had begun; at 4.45 nothing seemed to be ready but the foundations.

Policemen who occupied the first row were jammed up against the hurdles by the crowd of journalists and other privileged persons. My colleague and I were in the row immediately behind the police.

A man near me was biting his lips until the blood came. Oh! the deliberate movements of those men! It was already 4.56. Somewhere behind that great wall on my left Gorguloff was still asleep. In exactly one hour he was to be dead. He did not know that, in very truth, his last hour had come. United by the fascination of the slowly rising guillotine, strangers talked to one another in whispers. A neighbour began to tell me exactly what to look for when the time came.

"It'll all be over so quickly," he said in a hoarse whisper, "that you won't have time to notice all the details. Each time I come I concentrate on something else."

"How many executions have you watched?" I asked.

"Fifteen."

I looked at him. A small man with a squint, an unshorn face and a straggling moustache. There was a glint in his eyes that I did not like.

"What's your paper?" I asked.

"I'm not a journalist, I'm a policeman."

"A plain clothes man?"

"No, I'm off duty, but I can always get in to see these shows."

"How do *they* generally behave?"

"Some shout and cry," he replied earnestly, "others seem dazed."

Gauchet stepped out of the van and said calmly for everyone to hear, "'Morning, everyone! Sorry to get you up so early."

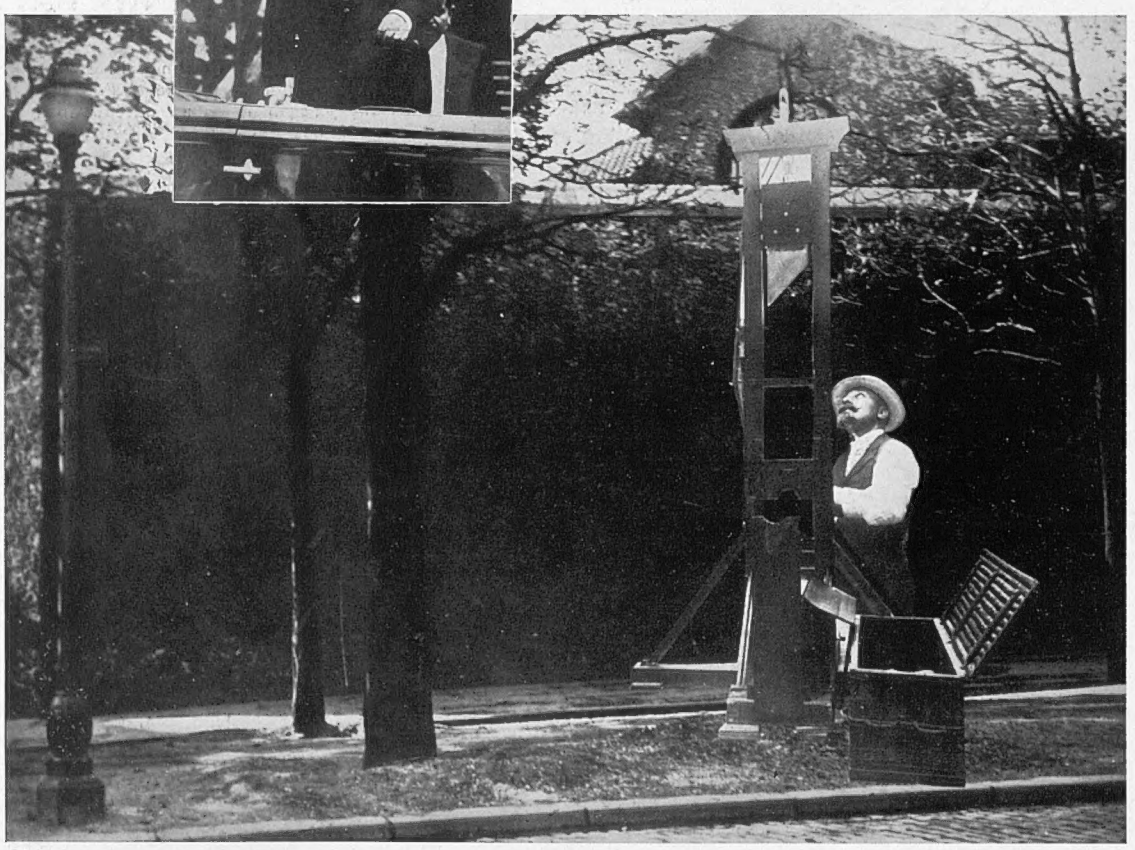
The parallel posts, down a groove in the interior of which slides the knife, were suddenly swung into an upright position and skilfully fitted into their sockets. Across the way the convent bell began to toll.

It was the time for the nuns to rise for the even tenor of their day's duties. At that very moment a man outlined clear against the sky on a ladder was inserting the cross bar and pulley on top of the posts.

The guillotine, dread engine of the Reign of Terror, about which everyone has read but so few people, even Frenchmen, have actually seen, was now standing there before us—complete. The only parts that tallied with the picture books were the long uprights for the knife. At right angles to these about three feet off the ground is a wooden table. At the end of this table farthest away from the upright posts is a smaller upright board which bars the approach to the table. This is the "bascule" or "rocker" and is a particularly ingenious modernization of the crude historic guillotine. It swings downward the length of the table and from a prone position on the table can be tilted to an angle.

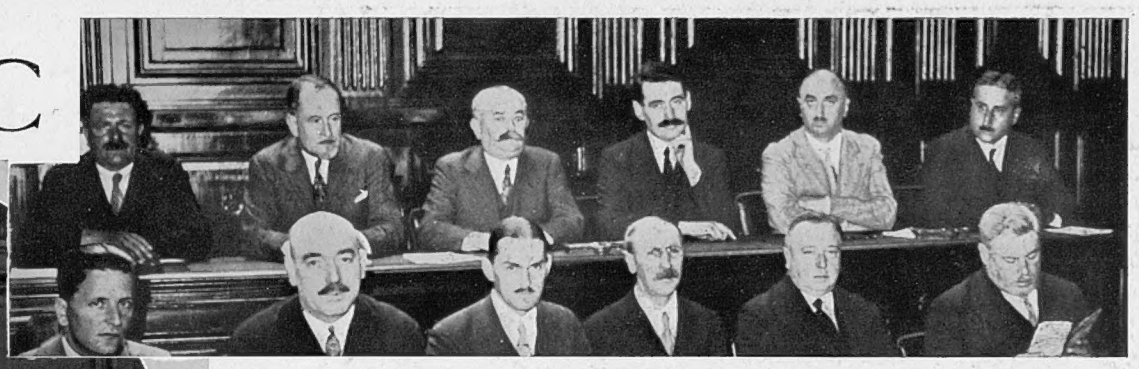
"Why?" I asked my police friend of fifteen executions.

"When Gorguloff's head is under that yoke shaped to fit his neck, the bascule is held down, but as soon as his head is off there is nothing to hold it down any longer, and with a slight twitch of the executioner's fingers it swings the body sideways into that open hamper that you see parallel with the table. The whole affair must be nicely carried out," he continued

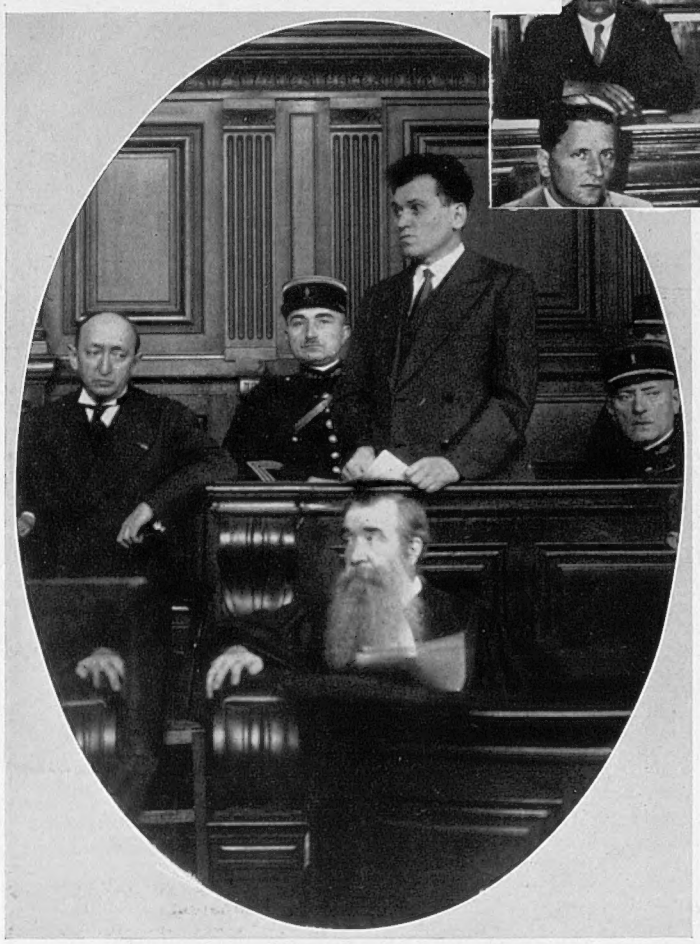


THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH: The erection of the guillotine under the efficient hands and professional eye of "Monsieur de Paris," hereditary executioner of France, M. Deibler. *Inset above* is the victim of the assassin, M. Doumer, President of France

IN PUBLIC



"TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE" who sentenced the Russian maniac to the hideous ordeal of execution in public



ON TRIAL: The maniac assassin, Paul Gorguloff, below whom stands counsel for the defence—Maitre Geraud

gloating. "Two assistant executioners will walk on either side of Gorguloff from the van. They will push him against the bascule which falls the length of the table. Quick as lightning they will push his body home till his neck is through the yoke, while another will let the yoke down. Then M. Deibler will release the knife. It requires close co-ordination between the executioner and his assistants, but you'll see from the time that he leaves the van to the time the knife drops it'll be a few seconds, and from the time that his body touches the bascule it'll be perhaps only one second before the knife drops. If they didn't know their job, and M. Deibler let the knife drop before"—he leered expressively. I disliked that man, but I was fascinated by him. He recalled to me all that I had ever read about the horrible old hags who used to take their knitting out to the guillotine, the *tricoteuses* of the Revolution.

There was a long pause after 5 a.m. Gradually the tension relaxed. The crowd became self-conscious again. Stranger no longer talked to stranger, and as if realizing the horrible curiosity to whose spell we had all given way, we avoided each other's eyes. But we could not take our eyes for long off that frail apparatus that was to end a man's life in so few more minutes. We noticed that there, where M. Deibler would stand, was the bucket from the van. It was now full of water and had a sponge in it. I felt that I knew why, but a man near me asked a policeman.

"The bascule automatically puts the body in the basket," he replied, "but not anything else." I thought of Lady Macbeth.

Until 5.30 nothing happened. But at that moment a thick-set elderly little man, with a grey beard, a grey suit and a bowler hat, walked quietly up. It was M. Deibler, chief executioner of France—"Monsieur de Paris," as he is popularly called. His father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather have all held the post. It is in fact, though not in law, hereditary. Perhaps no one else wants the job. Last year there were some 155 executions in France. M. Deibler travels all over the country carrying them out. He gets 14,000 francs a year for it, I am told. It seems little. I wondered what sort of a man he is.

What is he doing? He walks round the machine, tests the bascule, feels a screw here and there methodically. He inspires confidence as a man who knows his job. He has had enough practice by now anyhow. He comes to my side of the guillotine, seizes hold of a cord hanging loose and with an obvious effort hauls the heavily-weighted knife to the top, where it clicks into position.

At 5.35 he walked quietly away in the direction of the prison gate.

I suddenly remembered that Gorguloff was due to be awakened by the Public Prosecutor at 5.20. Already, for fifteen minutes, he has known he is to die. We were told later by Maître Geraud, the assassin's kindly patriarchal-looking legal defender, that he got up quietly and declared he was not afraid to die for his "Idea." Father Gillet, the Russian priest, heard his confession and then proceeded to celebrate mass. The scene was painful, for while the priest recited the prayers in a low tone Gorguloff raved incoherently of his "Idea"—all this, of course, I learnt later. All that I knew at the time was that a horse-drawn van walked slowly up the Boulevard and stopped at the guillotine. The mounted Republican Guards carried their swords to the salute in symbolic reverence to Justice. Then events moved with blinding swiftness. The street lights were suddenly extinguished. The doors of the van opened.

First to alight was, I think, Father Gillet, followed by Maître Geraud. Next came other officials. Last, his huge stature towering over them all, a white-shirted moaning figure. The crowd surged forward. The police were crushed against the hurdles. Those who were small saw nothing. I am tall. I saw Gorguloff die.

I read later that he was heard to say "My country!" "My country!" as the executioners led him to the bascule. He may have for all I know, but the words, I swear, meant nothing to him. I was about six yards away. I have, as I write, a picture in my mind of a swaying, dazed man whose image I cannot eradicate from my thoughts, and in my ears I hear the incoherent moan of one suffering intensely.

He was pushed against the bascule and in a flash was lying prone. But—and this is my second unhappy memory—his body was not at once properly in position. For half a second the assistant executioners gave it two sickening pushes. Then the knife fell.

I have not hesitated to depict the altogether unpleasant aspects of the scene in order that the brutalizing effects upon persons called upon to witness such displays, not once, but time after time, may be realized. Admitted that Gorguloff should die, his execution should have taken place in private with the absolute minimum number of persons present. The general public was indeed kept baying out of sight at a distance of some hundreds of yards, but *at least five hundred persons saw the execution.* I am told that tickets were available for distribution amongst civil servants. This is not as it should be. Granted that capital punishment is useful, it should be carried out behind closed doors, without even the lowering of the prison flag to give morbid watchers an excuse to forgather.

And who was this man who assembled over two thousand policemen round the Santé Prison?

From the accounts that were published daily after May 6, when he achieved notoriety with a revolver shot, he appears as a mysterious figure moving across the international underworld of revolutionary intrigue. Vigorously pruning away, however, the penny dreadful trappings of glamour and romance with which he has been invested, a careful sifting of the evidence produces the following meagre facts:

Gorguloff was born of tainted parentage thirty-seven years ago at Labinskaya. He became a medical student. He went through the war in the Russian army, was wounded and received the cross of St. George. After the war he returned to his native town, became a hospital doctor, and married. He is now accused of being a Bolshevik agent. Russia was at the time in the after-throes of revolution. It is possible that his thirst for power led him to seize the chance of wielding it as a Bolshevik agent. He is accused of having tortured prisoners of war. With his twisted character this too is possible. But that he could have been a sinister power amongst the Ogpu is ridiculous. A man suffering from megalomania, persecution mania, and of morbid habits is uncontrollable and useless to serious conspirators. He soon left Russia, and I suspect that it was because the romantic possibilities of appearing as a crusading leader against the Bolshevik tyrants appealed to him. His career outside Russia is monotonous. Wherever he went he tried to found an ill-defined "Green" Russian party and succeeded only in embroiling himself with all his compatriots of whatever political complexion. He found credulous women with money to support him and committed bigamy three times. He tried to set up as a doctor, but his evil practices soon led to the withdrawal of his licence and to his expulsion.

As the years went by he became less and less a "co-ordinated personality" and more and more a walking bundle of warring perverted instincts. Poor, obscure, feeling all the world to be in conspiracy against him and his "Idea," he felt that he must carry out some great feat to secure the limelight which was his just due. Alienists recognize the symptoms.

Whatever legal judgment may be, the vast majority of medical opinion pronounces him a dangerous madman.

He is better dead.

PERSONALITIES IN THE CASE: Madame Gorguloff, the wife of the assassin; M. Gorguloff, the brother of the assassin; Maître Geraud, the counsel of the assassin; and Fr. Gillet, the priest of the assassin. The last two named attended Gorguloff to the foot of the guillotine

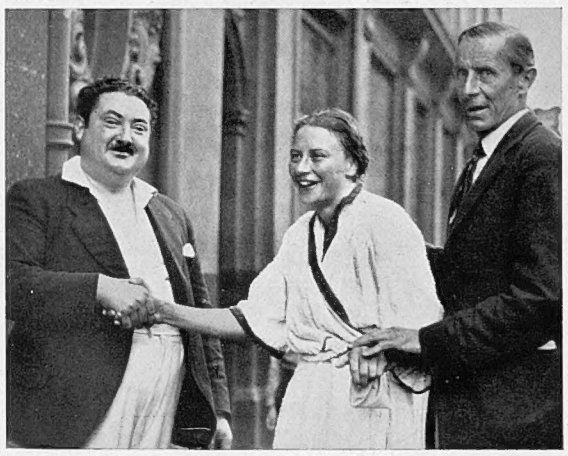
"THE LAST OF THE GIRONDISTS"—a print recalling the hideous executions of the Revolution with the ranks of the *tricoteuses* and the gutter urchins revelling in tragedy. The public executions of to-day are but one degree less bestial than this

A LAST LOOK ROUND

HOLLYWOOD BOUND: Miss Binnie Barnes, Mr. Frank Lawton, and Miss Evelyn Laye, who are to play in the talkie of *Cavalcade*

THE ALTITUDE RECORD: Captain Cyril Uwins, the distinguished British airman, who reached a height of 45,000 ft. a day or two ago, smashing the previous aeroplane altitude record

A LONDON REUNION: Colonel Campbell, V.C., and Major-General Sir C. Pereira at the demi-centenary of Tel-el-Kebir



MORTLAKE TO PUTNEY: Miss Joyce Cooper receives congratulations for her victory in the women's long-distance swimming championship

THE OLYMPIC RECORD BREAKER: Mr. T. Hampson (left) was given a rousing reception by the scholars of St. Alban's School at which he is a master

"THE SPHERE" INVITATION GOLF MEETING: *On left* Mr. J. A. Dewar and Mr. G. E. Chittenden are seen bound for the eighteenth tee; *in centre* Captain E. M. I. Buxton is seen putting in the play-off for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup; *on right* Mr. A. B. Harrower is seen playing out from a bunker guarding the seventeenth green. This year this popular event was held for the third time at Stoke Poges

MR. A. PEMBERTON approaching the seventh

TRIUMPH: Mr. J. E. Bewsher, Advertisement Manager of "The Sphere," presents the trophy to Mr. J. Cameron Anderson

MR. R. C. SYKES driving from the eighteenth while Mr. Peter Green looks on

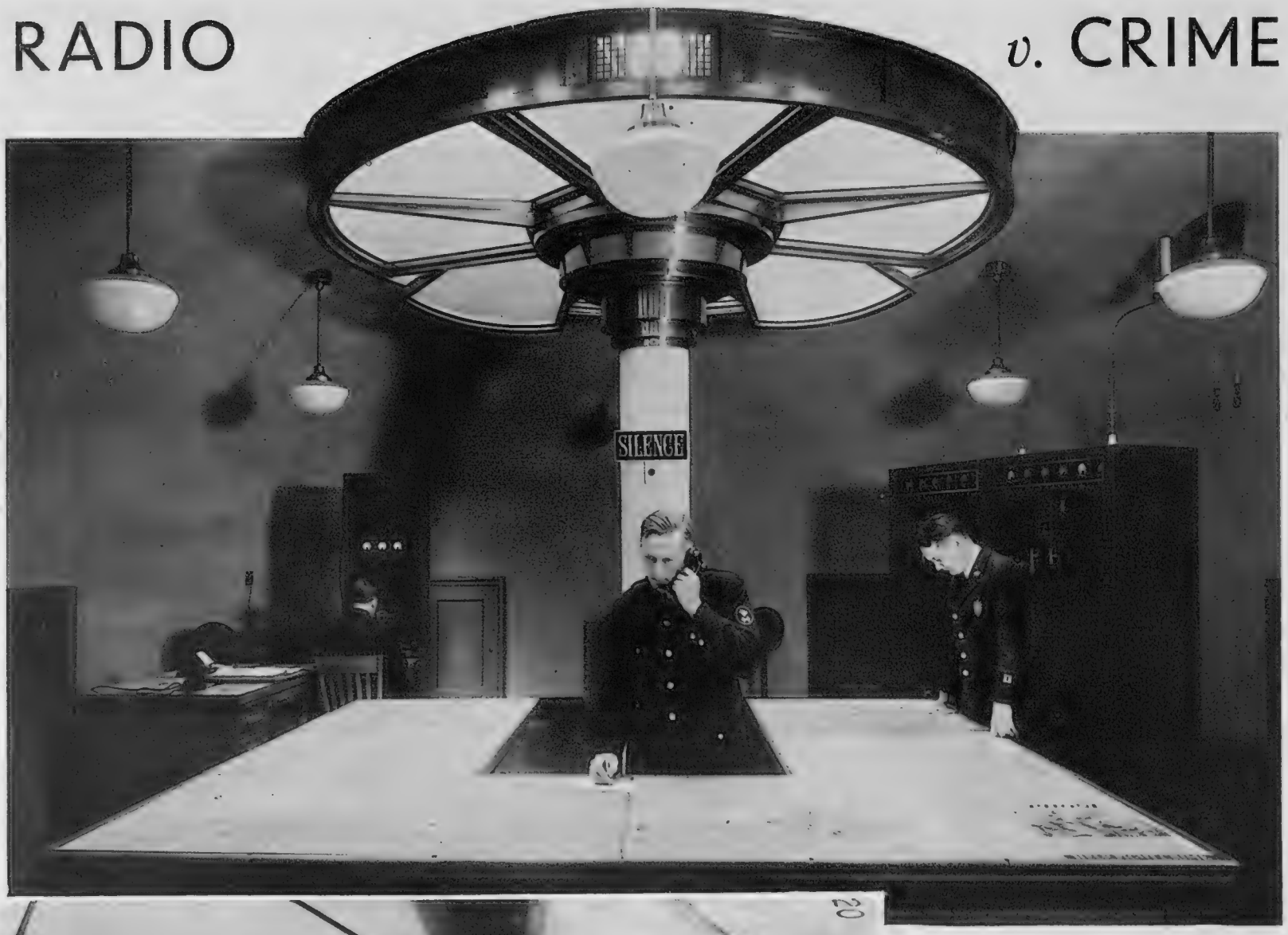
In "The Sphere" Invitation Golf Meeting, Mr. J. Cameron Anderson, Mr. C. Bernard Jones, and Captain E. M. I. Buxton tied in the morning and a decision was reached by a putting competition at the end of the day which resulted in the first-named gaining a victory, Captain Buxton taking the second prize. The Bogey Foursomes in the afternoon were won by Sir Vyall Vyvyan and Mr. A. B. Harrower, the runners-up being Mr. A. J. Brickwell and Mr. H. M. Panton.

IN NEW BABYLONIA

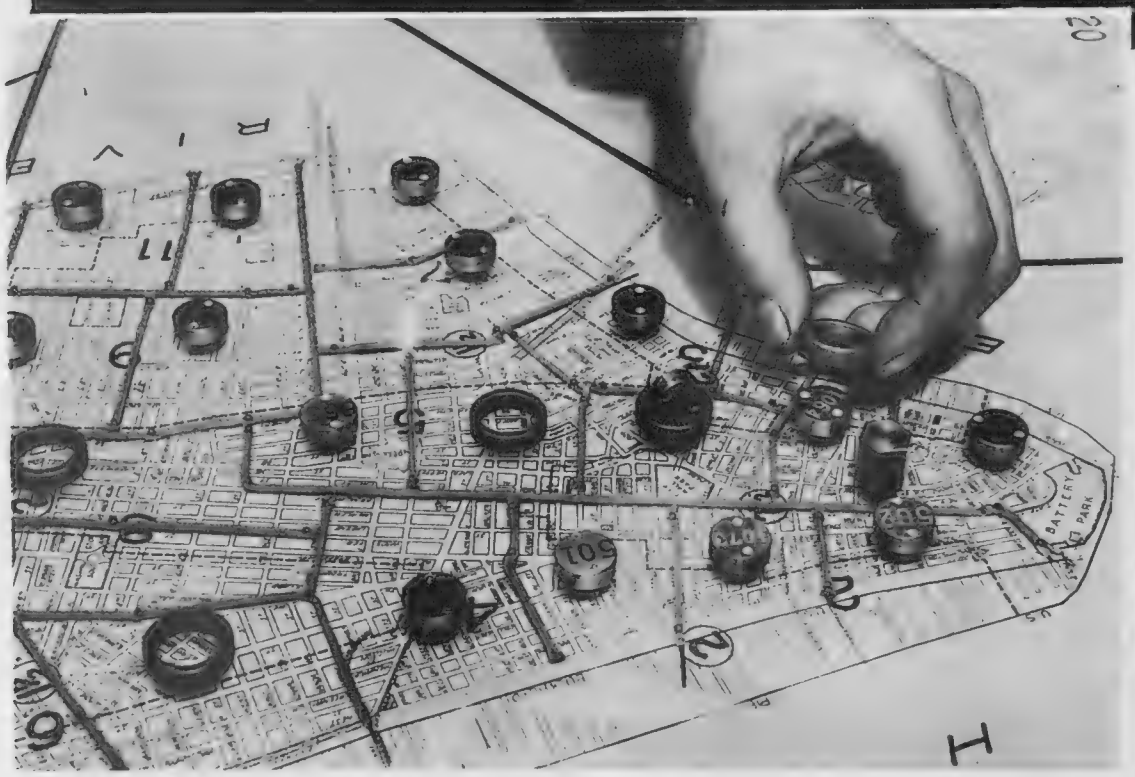
GLITTERING TOWERS OF MODERN CHICAGO: This extraordinary City of the Lake now presents a night silhouette outdoing New York in pillars of glowing light. This view is taken looking towards the famous Chicago loop

LURES OF LIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY: An overhead view of the city seen from the Empire State building. These three pictures give a vivid impression of two great American cities by night. Chicago outrivals all cities in its night illumination. Tower-like buildings no longer glitter with multitudinous windows but blaze like beacons at their summits. The smallest picture shows the skilfully controlled (not flood) lighting of the summit of the Sixty Wall Tower, one of the latest tall buildings of New York. The cities present outwardly this glittering appearance, but all is, of course, not well with them, for both have felt the strain of the world slump in a peculiarly drastic manner. Chicago, for instance, has just settled that the tax assessments for 1928, 1929, and 1930 were valid and that £40,000,000 (at par) must now be collected—a cheerful sum in these days

RADIO *v.* CRIME

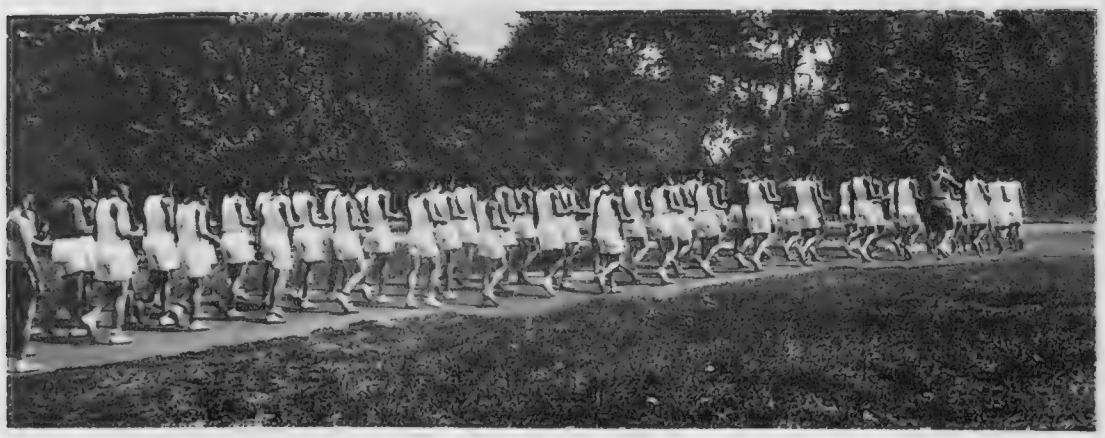


EVERY MECHANICAL AID Is at the hands of the New York police. Under a pillar of light stands the radio officer surrounded by plans of the city



RADIO PLAN OF NEW YORK: The position of each police radio car is indicated on the large street plans. Special caps indicate whether the car is oiling up or being repaired; whether the car has just answered a previous call, or is just ready for service

COMMUNICATING WITH A RADIO CAR: Contact with a large fleet of radio police cars is kept up by the officers at headquarters that the latest news may be relayed



TRAINING THE U.S. POLICE IN GYMNASTICS: Infantry drill for recruits takes place at Pelham Bay Park—the tuition very largely follows the lines of English police training in this respect

JIU-JITSU TRAINING forms part of the police curriculum for all novices. The use of the foot for a policeman who has been thrown is here shown

GREYHOUNDS and WHIPPETS of the Sea

ITALY'S NEWEST MAN-O'-WAR: The launch of the *Bolzano* of 10,000 tons which was christened at Genoa by H.R.H. Princess Maria Adelheide of Savoy

A CRUISING (BLUE) STAR! Testing at Southampton Docks the new flood-lighting system which is the latest attraction to be installed aboard the Blue Star cruising liner *Arandora Star*. The funnels are picked out by mass projectors with Ediswan lamps that total no less than 2,000,000 candle-power

RESCUE CRUISERS FOR SEA-PLANE BASES: One of the new high-speed "power" cruisers to be stationed at sea-plane bases for saving pilots forced down on the water. They have a cruising speed of 30 knots in all weathers, and the closed cabin can accommodate stretcher cases

THE CLEANING OF AN EMPRESS: The "beauty-treatment" squad at work on the vast white hull of the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Britain* at Southampton Docks

A POPULAR ORDER—"HANDS TO BATHE": A picture taken on board H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, now stationed at Malta. The age-old jest that sailors can never swim is becoming more and more obsolete as this picture incontrovertibly proves

THE CAPTAINS AND

The Modern Trend is Definitely Anti-Democratic and

KINGS WHO DEPARTED: Don Alfonso XIII of Spain, Sultan Mehmed VI, Emperor Karl of Austria, King George of Greece, Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. The Sultan and the Austrian Kaiser are dead; the King of Spain has an outside, the Prince of Bavaria a good chance of restoration; the King of Greece might well prefer not to return

In 1918 but a handful of captains and kings survived who mattered. King George, King Albert, Foch, Hindenburg. A very few like them came through with prestige undimmed, still adhered to as chieftains in the unholy surge of égalité that blacked out empires and dynasties more easily than the thing may be done in Hollywood. Probably the fingers of one hand would suffice to enumerate those who contrived to preserve in their own persons "the oriflamme of tradition" during that greatest offensive of the multitude in recorded chronicle. Fourteen years ago!

Contemplate anew the casualties of that brave new day. How those to whom Europe had been accustomed to offer its homage lay tumbled across the political map. Nine crowned heads, and statesmen and martial figures more numerous, ceded beneath the onrush of democracy, this latter free at last to recast the universe, alike in the beaten as in the victorious lands. Where it wasn't a case of red-hot revolution, parliamentary government of the most broad-based, allowing illiterates and flappers an identical say with people of knowledge and responsibility, became the speedily realized goal. All men are born equal. A lie, a palpable lie, but no matter. The notion was freely acted on in government. Fourteen years ago!

Even as the crowd had pathologically required its heroes over whom to be dithyrambic during the War years, so with the coming of Armistice democracy hungered to slay the villains of the piece, "the people responsible for it all." And down these went, right and left. Three vast empires collapsed: Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary. In all, nine sovereigns departed: the Tsar, the Kaiser, Karl, "Tino," "Foxie Ferdi," the Sultan, the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg. "This king business," as Mr. Roosevelt is reputed to have blamingly called it, appeared to be taking the count. After all, who remained? Italy's Majesty had spent a very quiet war (and was destined to spend an even quieter peace). What monarchical ice was cut by their Majesties of Scandinavia and Denmark—were not two of them, at least, inclined to be presidential figure-heads of democratic lands? True, King Alfonso was sustaining something of the old idea, but where else had striking royalty weathered the storm? Humdrum Holland carried on; so did Rumania; a Greater Serbia was a definite acquisition to monarchy. Yet in exchange for how much that had been lost! Alone, as above suggested, the heroic King Albert and the conscientious King George upheld the king idea in those stressful times for the purple, when all the world laughed at tremendous figures scuttling over frontiers. And when the Big Three held the earth: Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George. Making the world safe for democracy.

Avaunt the wicked! (who had been stupid enough to lose.)

The recovery of Europe then was to be achieved under the PEOPLE. One cannot write this word largely enough. The mere notion of continuing under anything like the old oligarchical system filled the great majority with an ire which scathed. As good as all our ills were traced to Courts, with their outdated intrigue and vanity and abused power.

Those were very *piano* years for Royalty which followed. Hardly did one hear of "the Royals" at all for a long time, save, perhaps, of our own, impersonated by the Prince on world tour. Or if one did hear of other Royalty, it was usually with the further travail of kingship that the news treated; with the vain efforts of Constantine and Karl to recover or maintain their thrones. And that kind of failure put things back still further. The kings were done! Better that they keep quiet, keep in the background, while the new system replacing their baleful influence was emerging.

Gradually this new system materialized, and it turned out somewhat surprising. Far and wide European democracy so comported itself as to lead to dictatorships being substituted for the former sway of the sceptre. One form of personal rule was exchanged for a second, and in most cases a more severe affair. Filling the gaps left by the nine sovereigns who had gone, progressively ten dictators appeared. Firstly, there was Lenin. Then Horthy. Next Kemal. After that Mussolini. A year later Primo, followed by Pilsudski. And later again, in turn, Stalin, King Alexander, Azaña, von Schleicher. Alone of the big Powers, Britain and France resisted sweeping personal transformation.

We may well be permitted to call the above array the Captains in that of the eight still in the saddle, but two can be spoken of as non-martial: Stalin and Azaña. In fact, pre-War Europe never had anything like such a martial showing in the seats of the mighty; pre-War Europe comes back almost as a civilian orgy compared to rule by Kemal of Lule Burgas and Afium, of the sea-going Danube Admiral, of Serjeant of Arditi Mussolini, of Primo of Alhucemas, of the dour old war horse of Warsaw, of the kingly C.-in-C. Alexander, of the former staff officer at the Oberherresleitung. And Hitler can show two stripes. And I have just thought of an eleventh martial dictator who has ruled Portugal since 1926.

CAPTAINS WHO REMAIN: King Alexander of Jugoslavia, a Royal Dictator; H.E. Mussolini, Dictator of Italy; President Field-Marshal von Hindenburg of Germany, who is not so much under the dictation of von Schleicher as is believed

It can almost be said here and now that the Captains have returned. Europe doesn't look like it, because they're mostly in mufti and eschew parade and panoply, yet democracy has willy-nilly got its company commanders all right. If Parliaments are permitted to endure, what funny talk-boxes they are for the most part.

And the kings?

Would it be any use, might it do some good, if some of them were resuscitated?

A CIVIL CAPTAIN: Señor Azaña, the ruling spirit of Republican Spain

Assuredly, that is a question being asked quite a lot these days. Small doubt but that a revivalist wave has signalled itself, that people in several lands are wondering if the chronic contemporary impasse and stress of life might not be alleviated by a return to an order with which plenty, if not peace, was so long associated. It may be childish reasoning. Yet who can say if improvement in world affairs might not devolve from a spread of that continuity, order, tradition, headship, apt to emanate from monarchy, and which is at present restricted to half-a-dozen countries at most? Especially if it were a reformed kingship? And might not business tend to pick up, with a wider return to pageantry and all that? We have so scrapped things which meant money.

KINGS WHO REMAIN: King George V, the supreme example of a modern monarch; King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, who is largely a popular figure-head behind whom rules Mussolini; King Carol II of Rumania, whose throne is not so secure as immediately after the restoration; and King Haakon VII of Norway, pre-eminently a Constitutional monarch

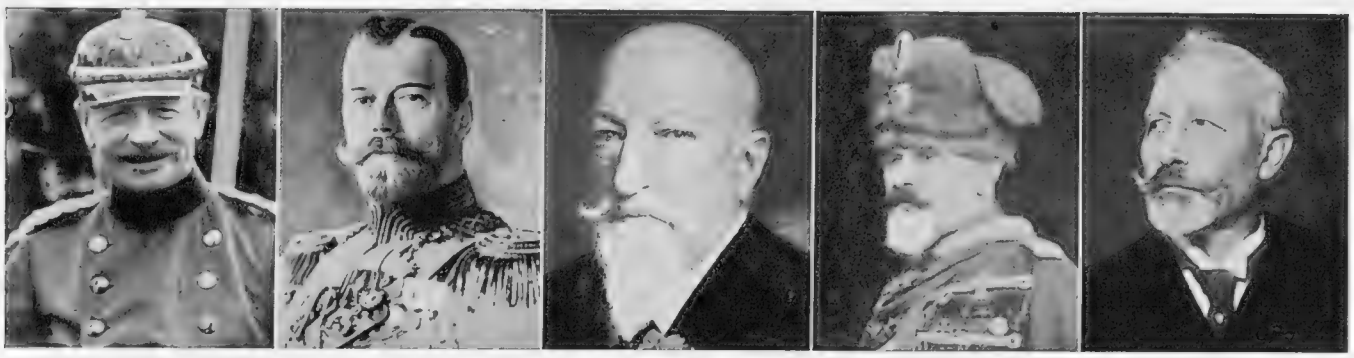
The idea of improving conditions by putting back glamorous Courts into royal circles at the opera will cause many to squirm, particularly the young eyes set on Russia, but facts are facts, and one reason Socialist Berlin is not now so Socialist has to do with the bait that has been dangled of a lifeline to commerce and business with a return to Potsdam pomp and circumstance. Hitler's new uniforms cost £750,000. Just think what money would circulate from a rearing anew of the whole Hohenzollern edifice. All those kaiserliche millions back again and functioning where to-day is drabness unalloyed. Alone ungreening the things that have gone green, such as the Schloss, would send the marks on their merry way.

KINGS WHO MAY RETURN: The Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany, who may be restored in preference to his father; and Crown Prince Rupprecht, whom Bavaria adores

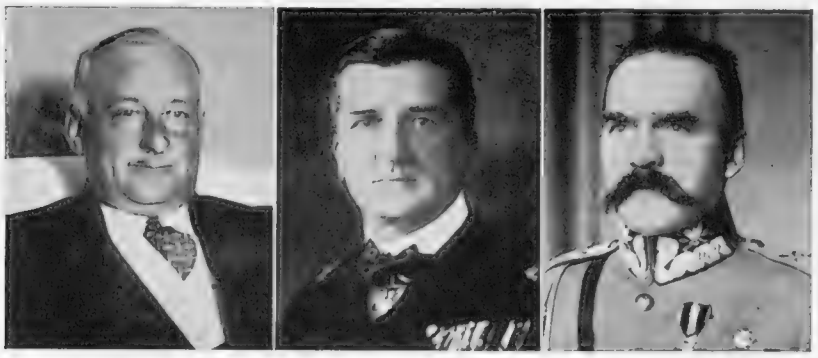
Monarchist movements are in train, in varying degree, in Prussia, Bavaria, Greece, Hungary; there are rumblings in Spain; and the

THE KINGS—RETURN?

Pro-Monarchical : : By FERDINAND TUOHY



MORE KINGS WHO DEPARTED: King Friedrich August III of Saxony, Tsar Nicholas II of All the Russias, King Ferdinand I of Bulgaria, King Wilhelm II of Würtemberg, and Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. The Bulgar is unlikely to return, and the Tsar was murdered, while Saxony and Würtemberg incline strongly to the Left. The Kaiser is now a "probable"



MORE CAPTAINS: The late Primo de Rivera, the Dictator of Spain, who failed; Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, who has hopes of a Habsburg restoration; and Marshal Pilsudski of Poland, who still maintains his strong hand

ANOTHER CIVIL CAPTAIN: Stalin, the more-than-Tsar of All the Russias

One is aware only that Hindenburg — Papen — Schleicher — Brüning — Hugenberg — Hitler are avowed Hohenzollerns, and that the country looks like being run by a variation of this sextette for some time to come. If personal views be acceptable, I have never doubted of a restoration, but if until 1930 I said and wrote that it would be the Kaiser, I then veered round to the Crown Prince, following a visit to well-informed Berlin, which had simply laughed at the other prospect. To-day I don't think Berlin so well-informed, and suspect the Germans may once again transgress psychologically by over-faithfulness to one whose return could hardly do other than give wide affront, whereas such might not be the case with the Crown Prince. In passing, a fertile topic is that of weighing the possibilities of William II coming back as a reformed old man, all peaceful and wishing but well to former enemies, even in a measure humbled and unself-dramatized, and eager to fall in with the spirit of a revised Constitution on British limited lines.

It is triteness to say that monarchy is good for some countries, bad for others. The Latins don't take to it over successfully—yet witness, paradoxically, the last Latin monarch being maintained on his throne by the will and purpose of a dictator who recognizes the drawing-power of what he is doing. As for the Germans, they have monarchy in their marrow. Having been at Bonn with two of the family, August-Wilhelm and Oscar, nothing in the current gloating over the brothers surprises. If Germany could be sure of an energetic prince, and one who went out after things in the manner of a certain thirty-eight-year old, who shall be nameless because he is never out of print, who shall say that such wouldn't be an improvement upon a Germany rushing to four or five general and presidential elections per annum? The person to talk to about Royalty is Léon Daudet. It is great fun, also highly educative. Daudet, it is, who swings across the first page of his *Action Française* this of the exiled Duc de Guise, otherwise Monseigneur, otherwise Jean III: "Heir of the Forty Kings who in a Thousand Years made France." Wow. The person to go to after Daudet would probably be Azaña.

The personal equation seems to be the snag in Royalty, such a colossal risk, and a suggestion made is that sovereigns might have the right to designate their best-equipped offspring for the succession!

Monarchies can bring the devil but so can republics, as a glance across the ocean testifies. Lack of unity, scandals, demagogy, little to live or look up to, compression of personal liberty, absence of colour.

Nor is France precisely on a bed of roses in her third Republican essay.

There remains small space to deal with the royalist situations in Greece and Spain. In Greece, Venizelos recognizes his chief opponent henceforward to be the monarchist Tsaldaris, and evolution is such that the distinguished Cretan has offered a plebiscite in two years—offer which the optimistic Tsaldaris has turned down, the hope being that the omens may beckon King George before then. Not that the Greek throne is too enticing, with murder, monkey-bite, and two exiledoms disposing of the last three kings to rule.

Anti-Azañaism is likely to smoulder on indefinitely in the Peninsula, but there is no evidence that Sanjurjo or anybody else is working directly for a return of Don Alfonso. Being Conservative does not in contemporary Spain signify being pro-Alfonso. On the contrary, a saying goes south of the Pyrenees, "We are monarchists without a monarch." Nevertheless, if kings started coming back elsewhere there's no knowing that the thing might not catch on in Spain; that, indeed, appears to be the outcast king's best hope.

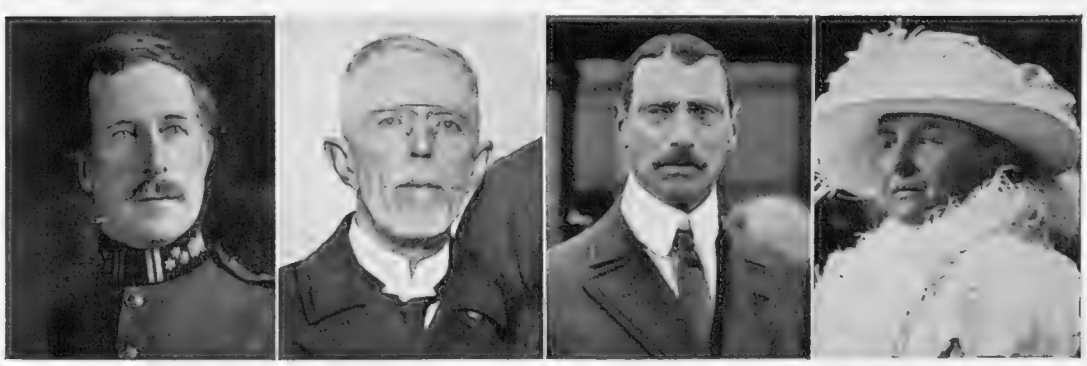
Nor is the royalist outlook conspicuously bright in Rumania, where King Carol is steadily losing hold amid operette indulgence and uniforms and peculation. In Yugoslavia a more serious and respected monarch is in the awkward position of one who self-constituted himself a dictator nearly four years ago and has been unable since to deliver the goods. No better off, his heterogeneous subjects are clamouring for an end to royal one-man rule. From Carol and Alexander we see that there may conceivably be fresh royal casualties, as well as the prospect of restorations. No doubt these latter prospects are enhanced by the debatable assertion that "in pre-War times they were better off under kings . . . let's give them another shot." Fed-upness with the existing situation and with what all the post-War democratizing has done or, rather, has not done, undoubtedly lies behind the improvement in royal stock.

first full-dress gathering of "the Royals" in eighteen long and eventful years is scheduled for Coburg on the 20th of next month on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Sibylla of Coburg and Prince Gustav of Sweden. This public rally of three kings and over fifty princes and princesses would of itself command attention in view of the less hostile attitude towards Royalty that has of late been manifest: it holds special significance for us in marking not only British Royalty's first post-War visit to Germany, but also (with the Scandinavian visit) the first studied incursion of the Prince of Wales on the Continent. The Prince, up till now cut off by the war aftermath from the Continent and concentrating on the Dominions, commences to tread in the footsteps of the grandfather for whom he had such affection.

The host at Coburg will be that Albany Etonian who bore himself rather unfortunately at the outset of hostilities, but what is more important now is that the Coburgs are allied with half the reigning or once reigning houses of Europe (Victoria and Albert, of course, did it), and that the present nuptials were obviously considered an excellent opportunity for the reknitting of sundered relationships, for a demonstration that Royalty is not yet a back number, and for royalist propaganda for the future.

That such effort will not be sheer waste of time is indicated by recent events. The touching reward offered to Dom Manuel may have been an honouring of him as man, not as king, yet the beau geste could hardly have supervened a few years back. In Budapest, all, or nearly all, are ready for young Otto, any time, anyhow, now that the Rothermerean lament *si j'étais roi* has joined the ether. Horthy doesn't particularly want to shift his timbers, which is very human and understandable in a Regent, but my experience is that Hungarians in the mass are only less ready to scrap the Dethronement Act of 1921, forced on them by the Allies, than are the Bavarians to summon back the old order amid beer and song and dance. Bavaria is largely peasant; and at the recent 750th anniversary of the Wittelsbachs, at which Rupprecht spoke, Dr. Heim, the leader of the Peasant Party, roused enthusiasm by mention of a forthcoming restoration. Actually, it is well known that Rupprecht is only waiting, by arrangement, until the Hohenzollerns are ready. What might happen in Saxony and Würtemberg is another matter, Leipzig and Stuttgart being considerably to the Left.

As for the chances of Kaiser or Kronprinz (neither of whom will have anything to do with "ex"), no two people seem to be of like opinion.



MORE KINGS WHO REMAIN: King Albert of the Belgians, the sole representative in the West of the ancient theory of Royalty; King Gustaf V of Sweden, something of a President King; King Christian of Denmark, who is also an eminently Constitutional ruler; and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, whose reign has been one of peaceful and prosperous placidity

MORE KINGS WHO MAY RETURN: Prince Otto of Habsburg (here seen in his youth), who may gain the Hungarian, though not the Austrian throne; and Don Alfonso, who *might* return

IN THE COTTON STRIKE

POLICE REINFORCEMENTS arrive at Moss Bridge Mill, Darwen, to protect the operatives who continued to work. The question of intimidation is the basic trouble of the fantastically short-sighted cotton strike; a huge majority of the operatives being anti-strike, but not daring to return to work lest their striking comrades destroy their poor property in which their savings are invested

HANDS OFF: A policeman warns a party of picketers not to interfere with workers who still prefer solid advantages to the problematical Utopia vouchsafed to them in the specious promises of their politicians

A TRAGEDY OF THE STRIKE! The Reeds Holme Mill, Dunnockshaw, up for sale, and this at a time when a concerted effort would bid fair to achieve for the industry a greater era of prosperity than it has enjoyed long since

MOVE ALONG THERE: Mounted police and the foot constabulary control a crowd of demonstrators with that efficient placidity to be matched by no similar organization the world over

PAYMENT AFTER THE STRIKE is the order of the day in this credit store at Rawtenstall—one method by which the strikers stave off the shadow of starvation which otherwise would force them back to work

AGITATION: Strike leaders flog the waning enthusiasm of the strikers under orders from London. The cotton strike is no longer industrial or economic or it had long since been settled. It is now political and is controlled by a committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Ernest Bevin of General Strike notoriety, and is aimed at achieving total possession of the entire industry as a prelude to nationalization

Row upon row of red-brick houses, with carefully whitened steps, giving on to wet, shiny pavements and cobble streets. High, brick walls, and closed gates, a policeman or two standing by them. Row upon row of shining machinery, motionless and silent. Serried ranks of factory chimneys, smokeless against a grey sky. Knots of people standing at street corners, many of them women, the older in shawls and clogs, the younger in art silk stockings. A clatter of hooves, and a posse of mounted police passes by. Later, a Ribble bus comes round the corner; in it, cotton operatives, policemen as well. From the waiting crowd comes a cry of "knobsticks"—the Lancashire word for non-strikers—and a chorus of boos. A market place crowded with people listening to a fiery speaker, over whose head waves a red flag charged with the Soviet emblem. Such is the Lancashire textile area to-day.

A few mills are at work, some on hospital supplies, a few (like the Dunlop mill) defying the mass pickets. But in the main the manufacturing side of the cotton industry is paralysed, at a time when it has the best chance it has had for years of getting more overseas orders. The issue is nominally one of hours, wages, reinstatement of displaced operatives, and how many looms are to be worked by each operative. Talk to the operatives in Bolton, Blackburn, and elsewhere, they will tell you all about these issues. They are the rank and file. They do not know what is the real issue on the strike. They were called out on what they believed to be a plain industrial issue. But the battle in which they are being used is political.

The Lancashire cotton strike is no less political than the coal strike of 1926. One of the strikers' leaders has admitted that if it were simply a question of wages they could get the operatives back to work to-morrow. He admitted, too, that they were fighting for control of the industry, for the first steps towards nationalization, just as the miners' leaders fought for the control of the coal industry in 1926. The strike is no longer being led from Lancashire, but from London. At the Trade Union Congress last week a special committee was set up, its chairman, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the power behind the scenes in the General Strike. This committee has virtually taken over the strike, because it has become a matter of politics, now that the struggle for Socialism has been transferred from the political to the industrial field. According to Mr. Bevin "the capitalist system" is attempting "by withholding food and sustenance to bend us to their will." This sort of statement is simply politics. Recently all staff salaries in the Labour Party headquarters were reduced by 5 per cent., but Mr. Bevin did not talk about "withholding food and sustenance" to bend the Transport House to their will. The Labour Party found it impossible to continue to pay the same rates of wages. So did the mill-owners.

Talk with the strikers in Lancashire, and you will find they are "fed oop." Some have been to Blackpool for a few days, others have worked in their gardens, others have just stood and talked. Many of them stay out on strike through loyalty to their leaders. Others, and they number thousands, would go back to work to-morrow if they dared. But they are afraid of intimidation. The strike would never have been so "solid" as it is if it had not been for mass picketing and intimidation. Mills were opened, but had to be closed lest the operatives should come to physical harm. It has been stated that there is no intimidation in Lancashire, but here are the facts. An operative at Burnley went to work. During his absence his garden was completely wrecked, and flowers he was preparing for show torn up and destroyed. In the same town another man continued to work. Relays of strikers beat tin cans under his window all night to prevent him from sleeping. At Clitheroe and Great Harwood workers were physically assaulted, at Barnoldswick chased through the streets. At the Delph Road mill at Harwood the mill and the workers were stoned, at Todmorden and elsewhere there have been demonstrations to the houses of those still working. The Bowling Green mill at Darwen continued working until September 6. Then those still at work were asked to vote on this question: "Are you willing to continue if peacefully allowed to do so?" Out of 251 operatives no fewer than 218 replied "Yes." Then a second question was put to the vote: "In face of mass picketing are you willing to continue work?" The answers were in the negative by a majority of 37.

The cotton strike is a real tragedy, not only because it has come at a time when trade is improving, but because a little more vision and a little stubbornnesss would have prevented it. Now the strike has become more political than industrial. That politics should be allowed to hamper Britain's industrial revival is the greatest tragedy of all.

J. B.-W.

The CITY of NOWHERE

The captain told the mate and the mate told the crew and the crew told me, so I guess it must be true. Now, here's a little yarn about a floating school—the strangest school in the strangest city in the whole wide world.

It is the story of a floating village that is here to-day and gone to-morrow; of a community that lives at sea year in and year out, where little boys and girls play at their games dressed in life-belts, and where peril is treated as an inconsequential happening sent to break the monotony of an otherwise tranquil existence.

The village is known to mariners all along the coast for its roving characteristics. The settlement comprises families of men who are engaged in logging for a big pulp and paper mill at Ocean Falls. In their search for suitable logs they go from inlet to inlet along the British Columbia coast, and it is quite a thrilling sight to see the town bobbing up and down on the waves behind a staunch tug that slowly tows it north or south in search of its new location.

The central figure of this yarn is Miss Nancy Craig, a trim little miss, who is only nineteen years of age. She has the most glorious golden hair with just a tinge of red to make it more striking, and hazel eyes with a shade of blue that twinkle as she talks, making her story seem all the more incredible.

The scene is the Coast Logging School, situated at present in Elcho Harbour, an isolated spot on the rugged coast of British Columbia, the most western outpost of the British Empire. This time next year or next month the village may be anywhere along the coast from the Alaskan Panhandle to the United States boundary.

There, as this odd little school floats lazily on the gentle swells that roll in from the Pacific to pound upon the rocky shores nearby, Miss Craig teaches her class the law of gravitation, and other elementary subjects, while "the little red school house" rises and falls with each successive wave. As the teacher writes mathematical problems on the blackboard between each lurch of the school-float, the children sit studying with their life-belts close at hand in case of emergency. When it is too stormy to write problems on the blackboard she gives oral lessons such as declining nouns and conjugating verbs.

Anchored in this harbour, where curling wisps of morning mists cast a lacy coverlet over the towering mountains that stand as giant sentinels over the little town below, the people see many strange sights, and live a precarious life fraught with diversified dangers.

The inlet, and the virgin forests that grow to the water's edge, at times are lashed from their deep, almost reverential silence into a wild, raging fjord, and the floating city tosses and pitches on the wind-swept waves, while the inhabitants wonder every moment whether they will be carried out to sea and lost, or wake up the next day to find that calm has once more settled over the inlet, and that all is safe.

It was on just such a wild night that Miss Craig, then only eighteen years of age, arrived to take over her first position as teacher.

Officials of the Provincial Department of Education instructed the young woman to take the S.S. *Cardina* out of Vancouver for Elcho Harbour, and that the captain would "set her down" at her destination.

Shortly after the *Cardina* left port, however, a storm blew up, and the boat lost time on her run north. About eleven o'clock at night, when the storm had reached its height, and angry clouds raced each other across the sky, the captain came to inform Miss Craig she had arrived at her destination.

"But where is the wharf?" Miss Craig asked the skipper, consternation written on her face.

"A boat will pick you up," came the reply, and the captain endeavoured to assuage her fears by assuring the girl the boat would be a sturdy one.

Miss Craig was taken below to the freight deck. There her luggage was pitched overboard to the launch below. This done, Miss Craig peered over the guard rail at the inky blackness beneath her. Then strong arms took hold of this slip of a girl and lowered her over the ship's side. As the launch rose on the next swell they let go, and she dropped into the well of the boat.

"I'm the new tea—cher," she gasped.

"My name's Sargeant, Stanley Sargeant," said the man in the boat, and they clasped hands, unable to see each other in the dark. That hand clasp meant a lot to the teacher. It restored her confidence and gave her renewed courage as the tiny craft pitched and plunged its way across several miles of white-caps toward the floating village.

(Continued on p. 474)

A SETTLEMENT AFLOAT: The village that cruises along the British Columbia coast. Note the towering mountains in the background. This is typical coast scenery, and makes amends for the many other drawbacks of living in a floating town

MISS NANCY CRAIG with the younger members of her class. It will be noticed that two of the children have donned their life-belts. It is second nature for them to do this, which accounts for the fact that two of them appear in their life-jackets, although they had been brought outside merely to have their photograph taken

ON "FRONT STREET," the main playground of the youngsters, stand uncle and nephew! On the left is Floyd Gildersleve, who is the uncle of Murray Sargeant on the right

THE RECORD: It was on this rock that Alexander MacKenzie engraved the legend of his trip across Canada to the Pacific Ocean—the first journey of its kind to be made

"BRUIN," the pet black bear of the village, seen coming out of the water after a morning dip. Despite his size he is quite tame. He is given absolute freedom

BENEATH THE FLAG OF FREEDOM: The schoolhouse with the Union Jack flying aloft. It is a rear view taken in order to show the playground, which is merely an uncovered float without railings. It is on this float that the children are drilled by Miss Craig. The windows of the school are on the other side, and the classroom is well lighted

MANNEQUINS

A Special Commissioner of "The Sphere" Braves the the Life of the Employees

DISPLAY: An efficient mannequin must be absolutely natural and must subordinate herself entirely to the personality of her frock. This picture shows the well-known Gloria showing off a frock

"I have an appointment with my dressmaker, just run along to your club for a few minutes' smoke, my dear," says her ladyship, and vanishes, outwardly calm, through a door bearing the cabalistic words, "Robes, Manteaux."

Her husband walks unhurriedly to his club, ruminating upon the mysteries of fashion, and, if he is feeling dyspeptic, he may ask himself what compulsion there can be in the whisper, "the latest from Paris," that will cause her ladyship to deck herself in ridiculous "boater" hats, will one month make her appear with bare knees, and the next send her tripping over her skirts.

Let his hopes not be raised unduly. No article written by a mere man (or woman, for that matter) can explain the inexplicable. But I offer him here a consolation prize, a peep through the doors which now conceal his lady, and some description of the curious rites there performed.

Seen through masculine eyes, I should add; for despair and pity, if no worse, will seize any woman who reads these irresponsible reflections of a mere man amongst the mannequins. But stay—even for her ladyship there is consolation here, since the ingenuous delight over what are probably the every-day commonplaces of the feminine dress world that I shall carelessly reveal in print will at least enable her to murmur "How like a man!"

"New fashions," I can assert with the extreme confidence of youth, are a racket organized by the dress designers to extract the last farthing out of the pockets of husbands. As to how this can be ended, save by bankruptcy, I do not know, but a fortnight's investigation of the dress world enables me to expose its sinister workings. There is no mystery at all to anyone who persists in bombarding the dress fortress with "Why?" and following this up with hand-to-hand "How?" tactics.

First of all, "Why Paris?" Why not London, or New York, or East Croydon?

The answer is that way back in the nineteenth century Paris designers of women's dresses led the world by their taste and skill, and continued to do so for many years afterwards, gradually establishing a reputation amongst women, so that Paris absorbed all the best brains from other countries. Despite the French names of many famous firms, almost every nationality, including an ever-increasing number of English, was represented in the designing of dresses. Once well-established and in the full pride of its success, a firm tends to "run on its reputation," and there is no doubt that many a lovely British or American model was sold as a Paris model at twice the price that it would have fetched as a despised model from home.

That position has been challenged in post-War years by a handful of brilliant British designers, of whom Norman Hartnell may be taken as one example. That a young Englishman, fresh from the University, could begin to design dresses in London, sell them openly as his own models, and then set up shop in Paris, the heart of the enemy country, shows that the erstwhile impregnable fortress has been seriously undermined.

POSING FOR THE FASHION ARTIST is an ancillary duty a first-class mannequin such as Gloria has to perform. As in display to a customer, it is the frock and not the woman that must be stressed

The leading dress designers are not always free lances; they very often work for one of the big dress shops in Paris, New York, or, now, London. New York also has its dress designers, but they keep a very close watch on the trend of design in Paris, and (again) now in London. Indeed in one particular line—the feminine coat and skirt—London cutters have long led the world. Perhaps because Paris is a little jealous, the coat and skirt are not worn quite so much there but elsewhere on the Continent, in Vienna, Berlin, and Warsaw, for example, for afternoon and sports occasions, the British-cut coat and skirt are held in high esteem.

Rightly is the mannequin regarded as the personification of the dress world, for from the very beginning of the designing of the dress to its actual selling she plays her part.

Sometimes, that beautiful mannequin, Miss Irene Davis, was telling me the other day, she has stood for two hours on end while the designer has draped the material round her. As he manipulates the material with deft fingers, the original conception may change and develop in the course of its concrete realization. A flash of inspiration seizes him, and he sees that by changing the line he can arrange the material in a way that will set off both its texture and the lovely feminine form which it envelops in a more striking ensemble, and that which began as a négligé may end as an Ascot frock.

A MANNEQUIN OF DISTINCTION: Miss Mary Montgomery displaying an enchanting *ingénue* frock

A good mannequin by her experience and instinct for dress will herself not infrequently inspire the designer. She will take a step forward, bend a knee slightly and, moving her arms thus and thus, will without a word suggest a new design to the artist.

Again the mannequin is all important in the rôle with which she is most generally associated in the masculine mind—that of showing off a dress for sale. In showing frocks to customers there is a highly developed technique, as in every other profession, which can easily escape the uninitiated. Both mannequins and dress designers have been at great pains in the past fortnight to try to explain to me just in what lies the difference between good and bad mannequin technique.

One of the best-dressed women in Europe, who may be described as one of the mannequins "of all time," "Paige" (Mrs. Nesbitt in private life), said to me:

"Amateur mannequins have a fixed idea that they must take small and mincing steps, swing their hips from side to side, casting fascinating looks the while at the customers. Every single thing about this is wrong! A good mannequin behaves naturally. The buyers are not going to swing *their* hips when they walk down Bond Street or the rue de la Paix. They want to see the effect that they will produce if *they* wear the dress being shown. The more tolerant will be amused at the strutting girl, and the more intolerant will be antagonized, while others will think that there is something wrong with the dress.

"As for the killing glances of the amateur, these produce no impression at all. The customers are there to look at the dress, and they are far too busy doing that to look at her. Everything that distracts attention from the dress is bad technique. For the time being the mannequin must breathe life into the creation that she is showing. Later on," "Paige" added mischievously, "it may be that when the creation is sold it will breathe life into the wearer. It is the job of the mannequin to suggest that."

Norman Hartnell, in telling me much the same thing, gave me a practical demonstration for the benefit of the readers of THE SPHERE. On their behalf I was treated to a mannequin parade all to myself. One

A MANNEQUIN AT REST: Gloria, the famous dressing-room surrounded by a few of her be photographed in different creations

A FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK: Scaioni, its posing before pressing the shutter. The battery of lights but the switchboard controlling the intensity of the varying lights are movable and can

—By a Man *

Terrors of Plate Glass and Feminine Wrath to Reveal of the Great Couturiers

by one glorious visions appeared from behind curtains, moved slowly and easily across the parquet floor up to me, turned, showed the back and sides of the creations and disappeared once more behind the curtains, quietly and efficiently without fuss.

"Yes," I said, when I had recovered my breath (I am but human), "that's obviously how it *ought* to be done. Now can't I see how it ought *not* to be done?"

"Sonia," commanded Mr. Hartnell, "go on strike and pretend that you've come straight out of one of these so-called schools for mannequins."

Sonia, who is a beautiful, stream-line brunette, relaxed her composed features into a smile for a moment. Then she rounded her shoulders, placed her hands on her hips in an apache-dance-like attitude and advanced towards me with a snake-like movement. Coming immediately after her previous perfect performance the effect was distressing in the extreme. Creases appeared across the front of the dress and it hung from her like an exploded paper bag. I shut my eyes and begged her to desist.

"You groan now," said Mr. Hartnell smiling, "but you've no idea how many mannequins there are who do that kind of thing seriously."

mannequin at a leading store, is here seen in her pictures. It is no uncommon occurrence for her to a dozen or fifteen times a day

Special "Sphere" picture
one of the leading photographic artists, studies the dress and (one of which just appears at the top) is a feature of his work, lamps does not appear, as it is the photographer's secret. All be placed at any angle

A MANNEQUIN'S LUNCH HOUR IS NOT HER OWN: Gloria is requested to return to display a special frock to a special customer —and does so without a murmur of objection

A MANNEQUIN OF TWO CENTRES: Miss Irene Davis, who has a name in London and Paris

The mannequin must listen carefully to all that the customer is saying without appearing to take any notice. If, for example, the customer says that she doesn't like the back, the mannequin must turn to show off the attractions of the side and front, and so on.

All women (your ingenuous correspondent learnt from the dress world racketeers) know that they are tall, slim, and beautiful. And since the mannequin parading the dress is intended to show the customer what she herself will look like in the dress shown, the mannequin must be tall, slim, and at least good-looking. Some firms once sought to cater for what I may call their less-slim customers by showing their dresses built on mannequins of the same type. I am told that such dresses were always received with particularly warm praise, but somehow it was always those worn by the slim mannequins which were actually bought.

Photographs of gowns and dresses for publication in fashion and society journals, for sending abroad and to the provinces, are of the greatest importance. You perhaps thought, as I did, that all that is necessary to secure a good photograph is to choose your most beautiful mannequin and pack her off to a good photographer. We were both wrong. Dress photography is a highly specialized art. The vast majority of photographers know little or nothing about dress-designing or the points of a dress. They visualize the photograph that they are about to take as a portrait of the mannequin—*not as a portrait of the dress*. The consequence is only too frequently a perfect picture of the mannequin's features, with the dress hanging from her shoulders at its worst advantage, and several of its most important points in blurred outline, or not even shown at all.

It also frequently happens that a mannequin who is good in the showroom is bad before the camera. She becomes preoccupied with her own appearance, and once more commits the unforgivable sin of showing herself off instead of the dress.

I was privileged to watch Scaioni, one of the greatest artists in fashion photography (of whom I am told there are only four who really count) at work this week. A picture on this page shows him in his specially-constructed London studio in which he does no other kind of photography.

Observe the photographs on these two pages in order to appreciate the difference between portraiture and fashion photography. Note that the least conspicuous object in each study is the mannequin's face, whereas there is a variety of lights and shades picking out the points of the materials and dresses shown. This is attained at the cost of infinite experiment and labour of which I was the witness. Scaioni began by standing the mannequin on the daïs. With a quick glance he took in the main points of the dress, and then turned to the switchboard of a battery of lights which is his own secret and invention for this kind of work. Gazing the while at the dress, his fingers played on the switches, turning on arc lights above, below, on the side and at the back of the mannequin, and varying the intensity of each individual light until he was satisfied. Then, with unerring fingers, he pulled the dress this way and that, and altered the mannequin's pose until he had achieved the "composition" of his picture. For such work anything between 10 to 20 guineas per separate photograph are paid.

As showing the vast progress made in British fashion designing, it is interesting to note that every picture but one on these two pages shows a British design and a British material. They were taken by a prominent British firm to show off new materials that they have recently introduced to the market.

CREATING A MODEL: The fine mannequin (such as Gloria, seen above) must stand, perhaps for hours at a time, to allow the creator to drape material round the living form —an exhausting task

Besides the professional mannequin there is also the so-called amateur, and between the two a not unexpected jealousy exists. Modistes will frequently dress a well-known Society woman, who has the right figure, gratis, if they know that she goes "everywhere" in the fashionable world. Such a woman is a walking advertisement for her modiste. "Where did you get that lovely frock, darling?" says an envious friend, and the address, given at once, is carefully noted. Such women may receive, in addition to a complete wardrobe (no mean item—which would run into hundreds of pounds per annum if bought at retail prices), an exclusive retaining salary, and even sometimes a commission on her introductions.

The amateur also figures as an attraction at the spring and autumn dress shows. A new creation somehow receives an added fascination when it is paraded by Lady Helen X or the Honourable Mrs. Y.

There need really be no jealousy between the amateur and the professional since their rôles are somewhat different. The professional has an all-the-year-round job at a fixed salary at one of the modiste's, and her job is to show dresses to customers who have come with the intention of buying there. The amateur "dressed" by the modiste is meant to send customers to the shop. She might be described as a professional arouser of envy in circles with the money to spend at the first-class dress shops. She reaches clients outside the reach of the real professional, who in most cases has not this particular kind of amateur's circle of acquaintance.

"Romance runs through the lives of nearly all the beautiful mannequins who grace the famous Paris fashion salons," cabled an enthusiastic foreign correspondent from Paris last week. I wondered whether the lives of our London girls were equally glamorous.

(Continued on p. 474)

BY MOUNTAIN and STREAM

A Record of 1932

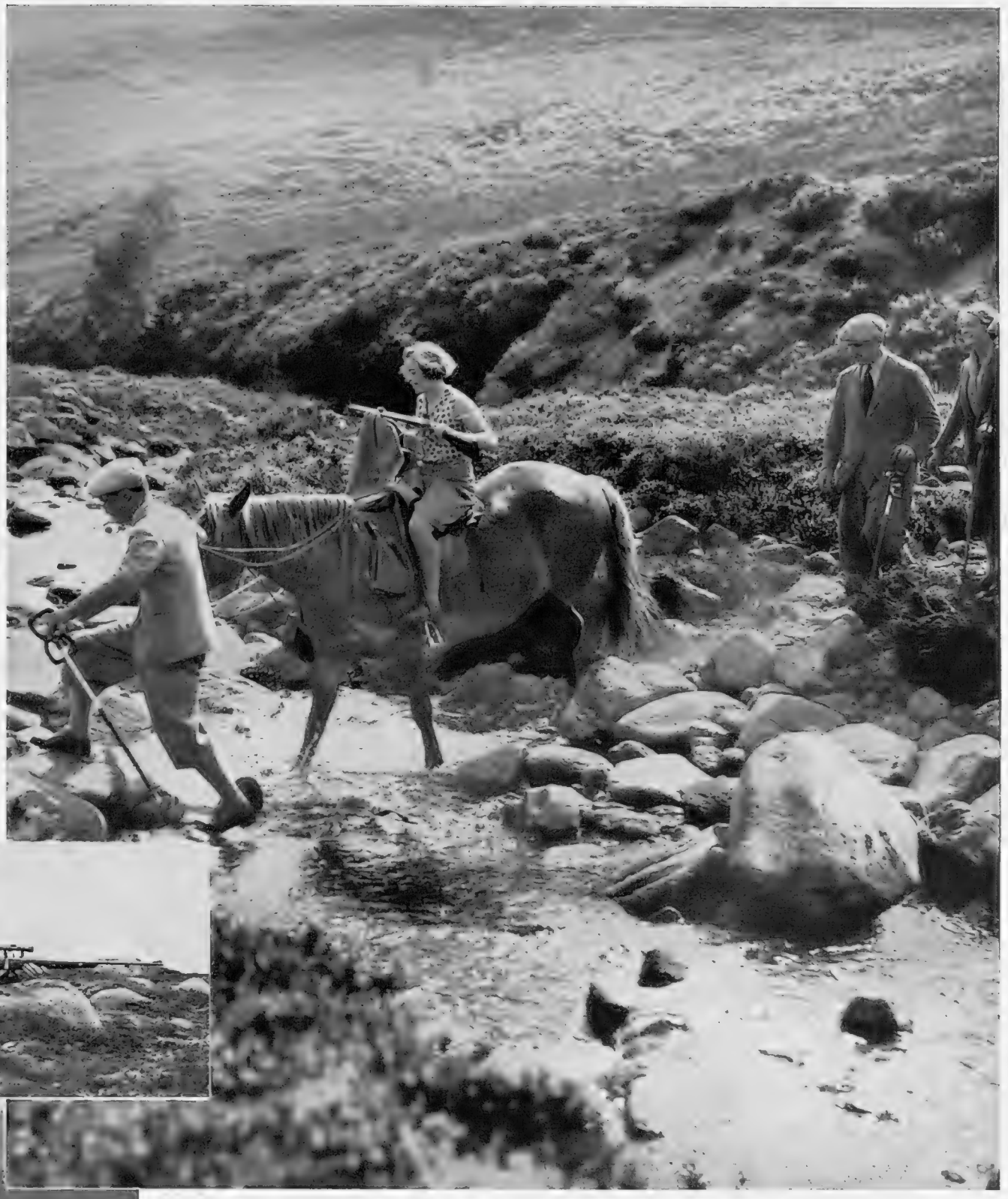
ON THE CAMBRIAN UPLANDS: A pair of climbers savour the superb view above Llanberis Pass in Snowdonia, where some of the most dramatic scenery in Britain is to be enjoyed. This year has provided North Wales with one of its most successful seasons of recent times

THE SNOWDONIA HEIGH
crossing the quaint old
Pass in the sh

THE ESCAPE: A stag makes off across the river Geldie—a picture taken when Colonel George Milne's party was deer-stalking at Mar Forest, Aberdeenshire

GLASSES TO THE EYES: Colonel George Milne (centre) spying out the deer on Dheidh Moor, in th
has given a shooting party, is seen sighting. Deer stalking is one of the most strenuous of sports,
kill at 6 p.m. fifteen miles from home, having gone out at 8 a.m.! Only a limited p

HEIGHTS: A group of holiday-makers
int old stone bridge in Nant Ffrangcon
the shadow of Tryfan Mountain



IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS: The Hon. Brenda Pearson, fourth daughter of Lord Cowdray, whose pony is led by the Hon. John Hare, the third son of Lord Listowel, at the grouse shoot over the moors at Birse Castle, near Aboyne, Aberdeen, given by the Hon. John Pearson, the heir to the Viscounty of Cowdray

r, in the environs of Mar Forest. *Above*—Colonel Milne, who
spors, devotees being delighted with the'r day even if they
ed proportion of stags on any estate may be killed

THE HIGHLAND HOME OF ROYALTY: Balmoral Castle in the shadow of distant Lochnagar. The Princess Elizabeth paid her first visit to Crathie Church during this year, riding in the carriage with her Royal grandparents. The Duke and Duchess of York were also among the Royal party. Balmoral is, of course, a Mecca of tourists

SPORT—and its Devotees

THE HOLDER BUNKERED: Miss Pauline Doran playing out at Stoke where the Girls' Golf Championship was held

WHEN TO START: Master Alan Dewar, the son of Captain A. R. Dewar, R.N., plays golf at North Berwick at the tender age of three

RADICAL BRITAIN AND CONSERVATIVE AMERICA: Mr. H. W. Austin in shorts and solar topee and Mr. Berkeley Bell in conventional kit and a light sweater

ALL OUT: Mr. M. H. Hill, at the age of eighty-four, with 50 years of cycling behind him, at the N.C.U. Championship at Herne Hill

OUT AFIER TUNNY: Mr. Fred Taylor in the necessary harness and equipped with the usual heavy rod, ready to tackle the largest tunny available

A COMPETITOR FROM WORPLESDON: Miss Joan Easton keeps her eye on the ball and follows through—a fine finishing action study in the Girls' Championship

BOROTRA'S RIVAL! Miss G. Carr has all the "bound" of the great Basque player if not his béret!—a scene at the Cumberland L.T.C.

"GRAND HOTEL" as a Film

PREYSING TELEPHONES: Mr. Wallace Beery gives in his number. Other stars in the M.G.M. production of Vicki Baum's masterpiece are the two Barrymores, the Garbo and Joan Crawford

GRUSINSKAYA ARRIVES: Greta Garbo as the passée *prima ballerina*—a part she is too young to look. *On left* she is seen with Rafaele Oliano, who plays her devoted manager

CRIMINALS BOTH: Preysing (Wallace Beery) prepares to defend himself (and his sweetheart) against Baron von Gaigern (John Barrymore)

A MATTER OF BUSINESS: Director Preysing (Wallace Beery) and Flaemmchen, the little secretary (Joan Crawford) whom he proposes to take to England with him. Seldom has such a complete constellation been featured in one film as appears in the screen version of Vicki Baum's novel

A QUESTION OF HEALTH: Dr. Otternschlag (Lewis Stone) attends Kringelein (Lionel Barrymore) while von Gaigern (John Barrymore) looks on

BOOKS

POST-MORTEM VENOM continues to characterize the memoirs of Prince von Bülow

NORTHCLIFFEANA are produced by Sir J. A. Hammerton in his new book

ENCHANTED CHILDHOOD is the subject of Mr. Romilly John's delicate new work

The Early Section of Von Bulow's Venom: More About Northcliffe: China: The Peninsula: and Childhood

By CECIL ROBERTS

TORRES VEDRAS is the venue of *Death to the French*, by C. S. Forester

We have now the last volume of the amazing memoirs of Prince von Bülow, the deposed Chancellor of the German Empire (*Memoirs of Prince von Bülow, 1849–1897*. Putman. 25s.), and it bears fresh evidence of the journalistic astuteness, as well as the venom, of the old gentleman. After his fall he retired to a charming villa in Rome, where he dictated four volumes of his memoirs, covering his career. Having completed his task, he made the most elaborate arrangements for their publication, unexpurgated, after his death. Defending his own policy, he poured ridicule and insult upon his royal master and showed how, in his opinion, the crass stupidity of the political leaders surrounding the Kaiser led Germany to her downfall.

How much of these charges is true it is difficult to say. It soon became obvious that this venomous old statesman—a mixture of vanity, imagination, scholarship, craftiness, piety, and humbug—had no clear grasp of the meaning of truth. Even so, he knew enough about things to set Germany by the ears. Few are still alive to contradict him, and those few have contradicted him. With a fine sense of dramatic effect he did not begin with the publication of his early memoirs. While this would seem the natural order, Bülow, determined to enjoy a maximum publicity for his work, directed that the three volumes covering his diplomatic career from the years 1897 to 1919 should be published first. Now, at the end, when his revelations have drawn the eyes of the world to this autobiography, the first volume, in the strict order of his life, is produced.

It covers the early years from 1849 to 1897, and shows us the training of a diplomat. There is much history in which he played a personal part in this early record. He came of a great family, and from the first had the advantage of important connections. His father was a friend of Bismarck, and the young Bülow started his career under the eye of the man who was his hero for so many years. He grew up in Frankfort and claimed that it gave him a broader outlook than birth in any other town could have done. "There was hardly a town in Germany better suited than Frankfort to impress on the mind of a growing boy the unity, the grandeur, but also the tragedy of German history."

His father was State Secretary of the Foreign Office. His family knew, and was on personal terms with, the great Jews of Frankfort, the Rothschilds and the von Erlangers. His father sponsored, despite opposition, the election of Baron Emil von Erlanger to the Frankfort Club in the days before that gentleman went to Paris, dropped the *von* and added the d' in gratitude to a nation that increased his riches.

In his youth Bülow paid a visit to Rumpenheim, and played with the pretty daughters of Prince Christian, who became King of Denmark. The elder of these daughters, Alexandra, "was a beautiful, slim girl. She retained her wonderful waist and her light, airy, swinging gait to an advanced age . . . . the Princess Dagmar, who later became Empress of Russia, was more spirited and also more intelligent than her sister, Alexandra, but self-willed."

In the years preceding Sedan the sky was regarded as cloudless, but Bismarck's doctored dispatch precipitated the war that the Chancellor desired. It was not thought England would intervene. "Between us and England there was no ground for friction in 1870. English supremacy in industry, trade, and shipping was uncontested, and we did not think of building warships. The Queen of England was well disposed towards Germany, and remained so to her death, but her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, tended the other way."

Bülow served through the short campaign with a Hussar regiment. As Lance-Corporal von Bülow he entered with the troops that occupied Rheims, and marched through the forest of Compiègne. "We had no idea that in these miles of woods, forty-eight years later, the victorious Marshal Foch would meet Matthias Erzberger, sent by the German people to ask for an armistice."

There is a childish petulance in many of Bülow's comments, as well as a sly malevolence. He recalls that the German general returned the requisitioned horses of the Archbishop of Rouen when he discovered that the cleric was obliged to walk on foot, and adds: "an act of courtesy which the French generals, Foch and Nollet, too often failed to show when, with the help of half the world, they had overpowered the German people." It may be, however, that had Foch, occupying Berlin, encountered a horseless German bishop, he might have acted similarly.

In a hand-to-hand skirmish Bülow records that he killed a Frenchman. What a horrible mixture of cant and piety the man was at times! "The sight of the dead bodies did not leave me with an impression of horror or ugliness," and he "thought of the angel after the birth of the Saviour, 1870 years before, who praised God and spoke these words: 'Glory be to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will towards men.'"

Of Bülow's extraordinary competence there can be no question. His anger at having been dismissed comes from a just resentment of the blindness of his Emperor and the jealousy of his entourage. He is a classical scholar, and reveals the most appalling taste in modern novels; he is ever ready to quote Homer, Virgil, and Tacitus. He has a fine nose for scandal, and seems to take a malicious delight in unhappy marriages, though in his own he was singularly blessed.

This is a very human document. The old diplomat speaks out recklessly at last; and while this volume, because of the period it deals with, does not provide the sensational disclosures and comments of the others, it is as fresh in its interest, as vivid and as cosmopolitan in its portraiture as any of its predecessors. He must have been a most charming, intelligent companion even while he remained a vindictive old man.

Books about Northcliffe continue to appear, and he still remains an enigma. In *With Northcliffe in Fleet Street*, by Sir J. A. Hammerton (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), there is much about Alfred the Great. I do not know why Sir John Hammerton makes such a point of not having read other "lives" of his chief. It would seem to me that a reading of these would have prevented much repetition of familiar details. Like all the other books one point remains clear, that the men who contrived to work with Northcliffe, to tolerate the humiliations with which he visited them, his still more embarrassing kindness, his quick temper and erratic humour, earned every penny of their money. They probably earned the knighthoods that Fleetway House keeps in stock for its faithful servants.

Sir John has a refreshing candour, though whether his friends will appreciate it is another matter. Like many other journalists, he began with a determination to keep away from the Northcliffe Press.

Some of the autobiographical details of the author's life have for me a personal interest. He was one of my predecessors in the editorial chair of the *Nottingham Express and Journal*, a chair which had previously been occupied by the young Barrie. At that time the paper was managed by a lame Welshman, David Edwards, and on the staff of the paper was Arthur Mee, destined to be a lifelong colleague of Sir John. I met Edwards for only a few minutes, but I have never forgotten him. He was a self-opinionated gentleman who spent much of his time laying down the law in the local Liberal Club. This so much impressed one political bigwig that he transferred Edwards to the managership of the *Daily News*. This proved so disastrous that they cancelled the contract at great expense and Edwards returned to rule his Nottingham paper.

As a schoolboy I once sent him an article, and followed it up with an interview. He told me that I should never make a writer. Ten years later I was sitting in the editorial chair of that very paper. Such is prophecy! I had forgotten him, but Sir John brings him back to life again. Sir John Hammerton has been the brain behind the avalanche of fortnightly parts that has flowed steadily from Fleetway House since 1914. I have often wondered who has absorbed these scissors-and-paste concoctions, always admirably illustrated. Sir John wonders himself, for in a humorous note at the end he gives a long list of his "works," and remarks that although some two million copies have been sold he remains obscure. "His name as editor appears on nearly all these many million copies, yet he numbers among his private friends several who have never seen a copy of these works and others who remain in complete ignorance of his methods of livelihood. He has seldom met anyone familiar with either his name or his work. And such is fame."

Well, the author has little to complain of. He has had a long, hard-working life, full of interest, well rewarded, on his own confession, and, judging from the gusto of this book, he has not yet lost the zest for the game.

There is a delicious story of a Northcliffe feud with Clement Shorter, my predecessor on this page. Northcliffe very much wanted Hammerton to attack the Editor of THE SPHERE, who happened to be Hammerton's friend. The attack not forthcoming, Northcliffe declared he was founding an anti-Clement club, and the literary dog-fight that ensued is delightfully narrated by the author. Perhaps one day we shall see what Northcliffe, in a mood of adenoidal satire, called "the great Habberdon-Shorder correspondence."

"Despite this episode I personally never ceased to like Clement Shorter," adds Sir John, "and when he wrote to me after a few months saying it was too absurd we two should be other than friends I readily agreed."

The kidnapping of Europeans by Chinese bandits is unfortunately a matter of fact as well as of fiction. Miss Ann Bridge has used an incident of this nature in her first novel, *Peking Picnic* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). It is a novel of unusual merits, both regarding the picture it presents of modern China, the life of the diplomatic set in Peking, and as a story alive with clever portraiture. A party leaves the Legation at Peking and numbers among it the wife of a government official, Mrs. Leroy. By her coolness in the crisis that overtakes them she saves the party. As an adventure story it is excellent, but the book by no means depends upon its excitement. It is most admirably written. The American lady-novelist, the Governor, "rubicund of face, short and stocky of figure, a cob in fact elderly and well-groomed," the young Frenchman, the professor of psychology, are all vital and memorable.

Death to the French, by C. S. Forester (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), is a clever reconstruction of an incident in the Peninsular War, when Wellington retired behind Torres Vedras. The story is presented through the eyes of Rifleman Dodd, an infantry man, who, cut off from his regiment, organized some homeless Portuguese and carried on a guerilla warfare alone. It is all most vividly done, but I am sure Mr. Forester makes a great mistake in jumping from the historical past into the present, with comparative observations. He destroys the illusion he creates so skilfully.

The Seventh Child is a book of reminiscences by Romilly John, the poet son of Augustus John (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Here is a most charming reconstruction of childhood in a home surely unlike any other in England. Men of genius come and go, the children live, love and fight like gipsies. It is a most delicate picture of an enchanted childhood.

BOOKS TO READ

ABSOLUTION, by Dr. E. Boyd Barrett (Bles. 10s. 6d.).

EVENING MEMORIES, by Sir Herbert Maxwell (MacLehose. 16s.).

CHARLES I, by F. M. G. Higham (H. Hamilton. 10s. 6d.).

THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI, by Violet Hunt (Bodley Head. 18s.).

SHOOTING DAYS, by Eric Parker (P. Allan. 12s. 6d.).

A HIGHLAND GATHERING, by H. Frank Wallace (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.).

CLARISSA, by Samuel Richardson (Everyman Series in four volumes. 2s. each).

CRUMPLIN, a detective novel by Mary Sturge Gretton (Benn. 7s. 6d.).

GOLD OF TOULOUSE, by John Clayton (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).

GRACE in the OPEN AIR

CHARM OF LINE

Two young German film stars, Anneline and Lotte Gerner, on the Starnberger Lake

DRYING IN THE BREEZE

A cliff top study of a young bather who has climbed the low Norfolk cliff to enjoy the breeze

THE YOUTHFUL GLIDER

This modern Elsa is preparing for a flight in a motorless 'plane—a popular German sport

RHYTHM IN THE PARK

The League of Arts are constantly holding meetings of their members who expound the beauties of old rhythmic dances

PLAYS OF

By

With Pictures of

MISS STEFFI DUNA, one of "The Younger Generation" in the new Coward-Cochran revue

By some apt coincidence, the arrival in London of *Too True to be Good* and the launching of another bout of craziness at the Palladium took place almost simultaneously.

If Mr. Bernard Shaw does not rush into the stalls of the New Theatre, kiss the women, and bash the men over the head with a jester's bladder, it is only because he has not the physical agility and because the august management of that theatre would certainly object.

But his mental agility is wonderful. His jokes are far below the standard of those of Messrs. Naughton and Gold; but they get there just the same. His philosophy has for the most part the amusing earnestness which marked that of the late Mr. R. G. Knowles. Mr. Knowles, as those of us who are semi-veterans will remember, used to stride to and fro, like a caged lion and, clad in a black frockcoat and white trousers, deliver himself of fantastic quips to the accompaniment of much applause.

Miss Leonora Corbett must have blushed under her make-up in uttering; this sent my young neighbour into a swoon of delight. Mr. Shaw certainly knows his public. Every section of it.

The performance of *Too True to be Good* at the New differed from the inaugural occasion at Malvern in other respects than that the dramatic critics, not travelling to the theatre by aeroplane, turned up in time for the first act. This act, by way of poetic justice, is the poorest of the three; the smacks at the medical profession were done so much better and so much more wittily in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Mr. Donald Wolfit now takes the part of the doctor more than competently.

The Microbe, which (or whom?) Mr. Ernest Thesiger makes amusing and almost credible, is a prominent feature of Crazy Time at the New Theatre. I would suggest that the scene in which Mr. Scott Sunderland, the colonel, hits Miss Margaret Halstan over the head with an umbrella should be elaborated and prolonged. The brothers Egbert could give Mr. Sunderland and Miss Halstan some tips, and Mr. Shaw could himself join in on special occasions, such as the hundredth performance. (This episode is near enough to the end of the play to constitute a Harlequinade.)

MISS MURIEL DICKSON as "Glanetta" in *The Gondoliers*

MISS MARJORIE EYRE as "Phœbe Meryll" in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

MISS ROWENA RONALD as "Casilda" in *The Gondoliers*

MISS DOROTHY GILL as "Dame Carruthers" in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

Thus Sir W. S. Gilbert, whose views on this play would have been interesting.

The gospel of negation, however, of widespread pessimism, can be vastly impressive if it is done properly. And Mr. Shaw knows, like the Ancient Mariner, how to hold the attention of those among his followers who take themselves, and him, very seriously, just as he knows how to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

What would Hans Sachs's soliloquy in *Die Meistersingers*, the English version of which begins "Craze, craze, everywhere craze," be without Wagner's music? Who would listen to Shaw's serious messages had he not an uncanny gift for putting them into hypnotic language?

Craze . . . Craze. Yes, it is a crazy business. If it is second-rate Shaw, *Too True to be Good* is first-rate entertainment.

After a second dose of Shaw, the comparative sanity of *Crazy Month* at the Palladium was soothing to the mind, like the skittles recommended by David

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD, the brilliant comedian in the successful farce at the Strand Theatre, *Night of the Garter*

should consider it necessary to make them at all. I have never found the Shavian powder sufficiently distasteful to need jam with it. And if there must be jam it should surely be "the whole fruit, freshly picked, and conserved with the finest quality sugar," not cheap plum-and-apple.

Yet Mr. Shaws' plum-and-apple has its followers. In the stall next to mine a sibilant young man bounded up and down in hysterical glee at each funniment, slapping his knees so persistently that I felt like slapping him. There is in Act II a scatological jest, which poor Mr. Cedric Hardwicke and Mr. Ralph Richardson tower above the rest of the cast. They have to preach rather than act (in the conventional sense); but, as I pointed out before, to utter on the stage with an air of conviction long sentences which somebody else has written and with which, quite conceivably, one does not agree, demands a high degree of histrionic ability.

Mr. Hardwicke and Mr. Richardson have superb voices. I do not mean of the rolling and resonant sort associated in the old days with astrakhan fur and the bar of the Bodega—though that voice has its points and its uses. They allow every word to be heard, and can reproduce the music of the Shavian prose without intoning it.

For music is what Mr. Shaw writes when he gives his characters long speeches. This prose is some of the finest in the English language. The final speech of Lilith in *Back to Methuselah*, Mr. Richardson's talk on the Gospel according to St. John Bunyan, Mr. Hardwicke's magnificent sermon (a trifle longer now) as the stage becomes shrouded in darkness as deep as the audience's bewilderment—these have sheer musical beauty in their rhythm, their exquisite balance. Each sentence is a melody.

Yet the whole thing is also a form of incantation. Beyond the impression that humanity is falling into a bottomless pit, and that accepted forms of belief have been blasted by the War into smithereens, what does one get from that closing oration, which hypnotized a first-night audience into awed silence by the mere beauty of its sound?

"His gentle spirit rolls in the harmony of souls.
Which is pretty—but I don't know what it means."

MR. MARTYN GREEN, here seen in the rôle of Major-General Stanley in *The Pirates of Penzance*, will take over some of the parts hitherto created by Sir Henry Lytton

THE WEEK

PHILIP PAGE

the New Savoyards

MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE as "Sir Despard Murgatroyd" in *Ruddigore*

MR. DARRELL FANCOURT as "Sir Roderic Murgatroyd" in *Ruddigore*

MR. CHARLES GOULDING as "Colonel Fairfax" in *The Yeomen*

MR. LESLIE RANDS in the rôle of "Giuseppe" in *The Gondoliers*

Copperfield's landlady. There is an essential orderliness and method in the entertainment of Messrs. Nervo and Knox and Messrs. Naughton and Gold which I do not find in the entertainment of Mr. Shaw.

When these funny folk are drenched with water, or smeared with paperhanger's paste, or fall down in a fashion that was reckoned chest-nuttish before Aristophanes was born, one feels that it is all part of the cosmos. One knows, too, that it has nothing to do with such creeds as Determinism or Selectivity.

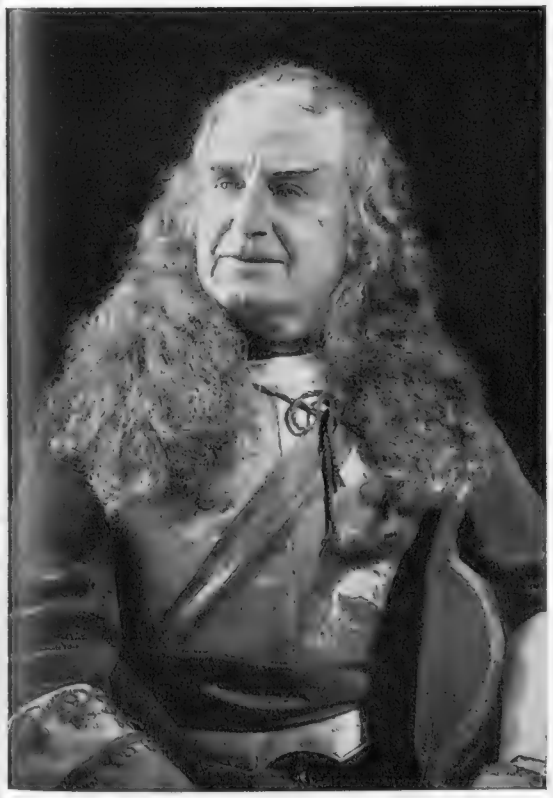
One wonders at nothing, except how the human frame can stand such riotous activity night after night, and how the tempers of those performers whose "acts" are deliberately interfered with can remain unfrayed. I imagine that all is not harmony in the back-stage corridors of the Palladium during these "crazy" bouts. But I do not pretend to know.

Naughton and Gold and Nervo and Knox are the two finest pairs of drolls in the world. I would put their antics above even those of the Fratellinis, and of the best American "comedy duos," who almost invariably overload themselves with stage "properties," and with Batemanesque contraptions (witness the recent sad case of Mr. Joe Cook).

The former are my favourites; they are gnat-like and absurd, while Nervo and Knox are solemn, though no less absurd. For both pairs one must thank whatever gods there be.

Miss Binnie Hale is a newcomer in this strange menagerie, and is at present in it rather than of it. Her burlesques of fellow actresses are brilliantly catty, and for this sort of thing cattiness is demanded. The wilder elements are sure to claim her soon, but I trust they will not destroy her subtlety. Billy Caryll and Hilda Mundy are in the broader style, and work very hard and very successfully. Miss Mundy is particularly brilliant, and I believe subtlety is lurking there, though a lunatic Palladium is no place for it.

The dancing of Miss Iris Kirk-White, which I remember enjoying in pantomime, is a clever combination of styles. She has a personality, too, and can smile while performing her difficult feats without allowing her smile to degenerate into the ghastly grin conventionally demanded of the *prima ballerina*.



SIR HENRY LYTTON, the distinguished Savoyard, in the rôle of "the Duke of Plaza-Toro" in *The Gondoliers*—one of the most brilliant of all his brilliant creations in the G. and S. seasons

"Britain has no leading man with the standard of virility which cinema audiences of to-day demand of their heroes." Thus Mr. Herbert Wilcox, Supervisor of productions for British and Dominions, and as such, an expert on these matters.

Even if he is right I do not consider that anyone need keep awake worrying about it. But when Mr. Wilcox proceeds to argue from the particular to the general (and to beg the question at the same time), I am moved to cross swords with him, particularly since he made this statement in a journal read daily by millions.

Because he cannot find a British counterpart to Mr. Gary Cooper and his type, Mr. Wilcox declares that he is coming, "very reluctantly," to the conclusion that "the strength of our male stock is waning, while that of America waxes."

Now I like people to be so keen on their own "shop" that they attribute an inordinate amount of importance to it. But there are limits, and when it is solemnly suggested that the stock of a nation is to be judged in accordance with its ability to supply certain film types, those limits have been reached. I can only hope that Americans who read Mr. Wilcox's remarks will realize the absurdity of them. On this point, however, I am not sanguine.

The cinema world is important, and it is growing in importance. But beside the great world of reality it is a puny nothing. I confess I find rather pathetic these illusions of cinema big-wigs, who in consequence of them are apt to be thoughtless enough to say things which are certainly silly and may be harmful.

That a nation can produce a few, highly-paid men of good physique who can act a bit, and register sex appeal for film purposes, has no relation whatever to the general physique of that nation.

MISS JOYCE BARBOUR, one of the stars in *Words and Music*, now at the Adelphi

I would go further and say that there is no guarantee that these film heroes of America are other than wood painted to look like iron—as I shrewdly suspect some of them to be. To be able to clutch an unloaded revolver and look grimly handsome means nothing whatever, except to the banking account of the individual hired to perform this difficult task.

When next Mr. Wilcox feels like talking about the diminishing strength of our manhood, let him come out of his little world of film studios and look around a bit. I could introduce him to some Essex farmers' sons; they have barely heard of the cinema, but I would back them against the Hollywood he-men at any manly contest. Let him spend a few days with the Atlantic Fleet. Let him meet the "hearty" sets at Oxford and Cambridge. Let him motor through Yorkshire villages, say from Pickering to Whitby, taking Egton and Grosmont on the way—and, if he keeps his eyes open and is an honest man (as I have no doubt he is) Mr. Wilcox will say no more—not even "very reluctantly"—about our male stock waning.

The Marx Brothers bring us back to craziness—somewhere between the Shavian and the Palladiumistic brands.

I have just seen their latest effort, *Horse Feathers*. For those who are tickled by the methods of these quaint folk, this will be a riot of laughter; those who are not followers of the Marx Brothers in all their moods will vote the works of Karl Marx carnival-time in comparison.

MISS MARJORIE BROOKS in a striking toilette in *Night of the Garter*, the new screaming success at the Strand

This new film did not amuse me so much as *Monkey Business*, its predecessor. But it is lovable nonsense, full of high spirits and ingenious situations.

The atmosphere is, superficially, academic, and Groucho as a Professor, games of absurd football, and, of course, Harpo with his harp,

(*Cont. on p.* 474)

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AND THE PYRENEES

The market square at Deva transformed into a temporary bull-ring and arena for the various Basque festivals

IN ROCK-PERCHED LE PUY

Where Churches Stand on Sheer Volcanic Pinnacles

Le Puy, the ancient capital of the Velay, and now chief town of the Haute Loire, makes an ideal centre for an interesting holiday.

Approaching Le Puy by rail from Langoyne, and winding through magnificent scenery, a glimpse of it is caught about half an hour before the station is reached. The town, which is built on and around a series of volcanic rocks, presents an amazing spectacle to the newcomer.

Towering above the town on the pinnacle of a rock is a colossal figure of the Virgin and Child, 50 ft. high, and cast from the metal of over 200 Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol. By payment of a small fee it is possible to ascend the interior of the figure by a spiral staircase. Half-way up the steep ascent is the imposing Romanesque Cathedral of Notre Dame, with a striking western front composed of vari-coloured stone.

The outstanding feature of interest in Le Puy will, I am sure, be found in the Church of Saint Michael, which is actually built on the summit of an almost perpendicular rock—the Rocher d'Aiguille. My first glimpse of this extraordinary church, which dates from the tenth century, left me almost speechless with astonishment.

It is certainly one of the most wonderful examples of the triumph of Man over the difficulties of Nature, and it is a veritable architectural curiosity. The entrance doorway leading into the tiny interior up a flight of steps is an exceptionally fine example of Romanesque work.

The town itself contains many fine buildings, but the chief charm will be found in a walk through the narrow by-streets and into the market places, which on certain days of the week are full of life and colour. The picturesque costumes of the women make a lasting impression.

If one wishes to go farther afield there are innumerable interesting excursions that may be made on foot. The roads and paths along the banks of the Loire are full of interest to lovers of fine scenery. The workers in the fields and the quaint ox-carts with the slow but patient oxen strike an unusual note. Indeed, in this part of France, the ox seems to have ousted the horse from farm labour. The chief industry for women is the making of lace, and it is no uncommon sight in passing through almost any village to see the women sitting at their doorways talking and making lace with incredible swiftness, to the accompaniment of the clicking of the bobbins, to which they seem to pay very little attention—the process being almost mechanical by long custom. There are several places in the district also worth visiting if time permits, such as La Chaise Dieu, a village containing a magnificent 14th century cathedral.

Continuing on, Polignac and St. Vital have a great interest, and there is also Monastier, whence one can, if one wishes, follow the road up-hill to Mont Gerbier des Joncs, from which springs the source of the River Loire. It can be seen springing from the mountain side and flowing down wooden pipes. With the palm of one's hand it is easily possible to stop for a brief moment the supply of water feeding this mighty river.

Another beautiful spot near here is the Lac d'Issarlés, a wonderful sheet of clear blue water which now fills the crater of an extinct volcano.

Those who like mountaineering, Mt. Mézenc, the highest peak in the Cevennes (5,262 ft.), is within reach of Le Puy; the comparatively easy climb in the months is an outing which is well repaid by reason of the extensive panorama unfolded once the summit is reached.

In conclusion, I would add that there is no lack of comfortable accommodation in Le Puy, and also facilities for buying almost anything one is likely to want on holiday.

H. A. J. L.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF A DYING INDUSTRY: A French lacemaker in Le Puy whose trade has been ruined by devastating tariffs. The sole market left is Brussels

A TOWN THAT WAS LEFT BEHIND

One of the Many Strange Sights in the Pyrenees

Here is the tale of the town that was left behind:

It once was a part of Spain and then Spain moved away, leaving it high and dry in French territory.

This was the way it happened:

When Spain signed the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659 it was covenanted that thirty-three villages in the Cerdagne should be given up to France.

The letter of the Treaty was carried out except in Llivia. And Llivia was rightly indignant. It was no village. Had it not an *alcalde* of its own? It was certainty unthinkable that an *alcalde* should condescend to become a mere *mairie*, apart from considerations of even greater importance.

So Llivia, having proved its claim to be a town, as distinct from a village, continued to fly the flag of Spain.

It still does so.

But something first had to be done by the Treaty signatories. It was impossible to leave four square miles of Spain as an island; yet, there it was, an enclave completely surrounded by France. A way out of the impasse was found by internationalizing the road between Llivia and the Spanish border.

For a mile or so after leaving Puigcerda in Spain this road hugs the frontier. Before No-man's-land is reached there is a final Customs outpost where Spanish officials regard the traveller with far more suspicion than at any other point along the Pyrenees. Why, they seem to reason, should anyone not interested in smuggling have any object in visiting Llivia? Scarcely complimentary to little Spain-in-France, but Llivia doesn't deserve many compliments.

A short way past the Customs post is the warning, and distinctly interesting notice—"Chemin Neutre!"—and at a brief journey's end—Llivia.

The loyal and defiant township is now a dirty little village, crumbling with neglect, on a hillside. Ox-drawn vehicles hold up what little traffic there is in the narrow streets, and all around are dust and decay. The chief industry seems to be the occasional sale of a postcard or two. These must be posted at the smithy, and the necessary formalities are transacted in an atmosphere of singeing hooves.

The news of the revolution in Spain reached Llivia late on the day King Alfonso left Madrid. Technically, one imagines, Llivia remained a monarchy for twelve hours after Spain became a Republic.

At all events, it is Republican enough now. "What would you do if King Alfonso by chance crossed the International Road?" I asked a little man sitting outside one of the inns.

"I would detain him," he said.

"What! *You* would stop the King?"

"Well," he said, not quite so sure of his prowess and prerogatives, "someone doubtless would."

For the neutral road, as he explained it, is international to all the rest of the world, but strictly Spanish soil so far as Spaniards are concerned.

Llivia, if it were better known, would undoubtedly enjoy a "success of curiosity." The only author who has mentioned it, so far as I know, is Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and he found it "fascinating territory," which should be—coming from so great a connoisseur in beauty—sufficient recommendation in itself.

S. C.

THE TOWN THAT WAS LEFT BEHIND: A view of the belfry and the Town Hall in Llivia, one of the most delicious spots in the Pyrenean range

HAPPENINGS

—Strange and Noteworthy— Over the Countryside

THE BARNET WATERS are once more available, as they were in the days of Pepys, to visitors. Access to the well, as yet, is possible only through this small opening

TWO HEADS! Youthful visitors to the Chertsey Agricultural Show, Fancourt Estate, each with a superb head of cabbage on exhibition at the show

THE CORNISH GORSEDD celebrated at "The Nine Maidens" as the natives characteristically enough call the the circle of nineteen dolmens in Penzance! Col. the Master of Sempill was created a bard. The stones are said to be nineteen girls who were turned to stone for dancing on the Sabbath!

A DOLMEN that forms one of a pair of isolated stones near the "Nine Maidens" in St. Buryan Parish, Penzance, and marks the scene of a Saxon battle

THE BRIDAL CAR at the Bedfordshire wedding of Miss Margaret Cole to Mr. William Billington was a farm cart to which was harnessed the bride's favourite horse

"UNCLE TOM COBLEY" at the famous Widecombe Fair, at which there was a record attendance, but sheep prices were low

THE RIDING SCHOOL BY THE SEA is run by Miss Scrymgeour at Selsey. Miss Scrymgeour, who is some seventy years young, regularly takes forty odd pupils riding on the sands. She breeds all her ponies herself

PIPPBROOK MILL PRESERVED: The ancient mill mentioned in Domesday Book, has been privately sold and may be given to the nation

Frank Melland

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW: The vista from Stubbins Quad, Merton College, looking on to Fellows Garden

An original writing table and typewriter shelf which folds back against the wall to take up a minimum of space

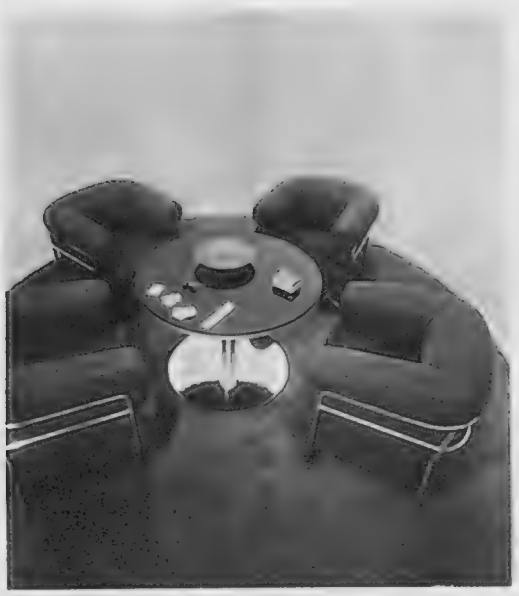
The Masculine Note in the Modern Flat

So often in planning the house, the needs of the man—presumably the lord and master—are left out. No longer are there such masculine corners as a smoking- or billiard-room as places of refuge for the stranded male: woman has invaded them all, or considered them unnecessary. They usually exist to-day only in mansions. Illustrated here is a one-room flat which aims to supply all the needs of modern man, arranged with the maximum of comfort in the minimum of space. Yet an atmosphere of harmony is given by its austere simplicity, its clean flat lines, and its strictly utilitarian furniture, which are all of a nature to appeal particularly to a masculine taste. Indeed, this may be said to apply generally to much of the modern furniture, which with its absence of frills and superfluities, and its extreme comfort, pleases the average man exceedingly; this is possibly partly explained by the fact that most of the modern art and furniture creators are men.

Where such things as telephones and typewriters are needed, wall cupboards are made for them so that those unbeautiful objects do not add a discordant note; while wardrobes, wash-hand stands, even chests of drawers, appear as barbarous appendages to the comfort of modernized man, and well-fitted bathrooms adjoining leave the bedrooms with a far greater opportunity for decorative furniture.

The art of life is in the elimination of the superfluous, and this is now being made to apply to our personal living arrangements, giving us at the same time a far greater comfort than our fathers ever demanded.

Blanche Elliott.



A delightful group of a black-topped round table with a metal shelf at base and four metal-framed chairs upholstered in red

THE HOUSE OF TO-DAY

The Modern Lounge in Old Houses

It is really surprising how completely an old-fashioned house may be modernized. No one would suspect that the interiors illustrated with this

This niche and fitted settee are in a nineteenth century house modernized by Mr. Edward Maufe, F.R.I.B.A., and stand in a doorway rendered unnecessary by knocking two rooms into one

article were photographed in pre-War and nineteenth-century houses, yet the truth is that before the modern decorator took these rooms in hand, one was "old-world" and the two others mid-Victorian in character. In modernizing an old-fashioned interior three things are frequently essential. One of these is the installation of a new ceiling without mouldings, or with very simple mouldings, in accordance with the modern spirit; another is the removal of the old-fashioned fireplace and mantelpiece, and the substitution of a more up-to-date model, and the third is the use of modern-type doors.

The top picture, which was taken in a modernized

IN A PRE-WAR HOUSE: A neo-Georgian sitting-room in an Edwardian house brought up-to-date by Mr. Oliver Law, F.R.I.B.A.

drawing-room, shows the interesting architectural treatment of a niche at a position which was originally a doorway to the room. In making this modern drawing-room in a nineteenth-century house two of the first-floor rooms were thrown into one; one of the doorways thus became unnecessary, and the picture shows how it has been transformed. The niche is recessed by a "step" formation, and has a silvered background; it contains the famous bust of Mrs. Shelley by Jacob Epstein.

Baseden Butt.

THREE ASPECTS OF THE MODERN HOME DISCUSSED

The Treatment of the Chinese Room

Chinese in character and light in tone were the two conditions imposed on the designer of the "Chinese Room" in Lady Freda Valentine's lovely house in Green Street, Mayfair.

This room, pictures of which appear herewith, was designed by Mr. Blair Leighton, the portrait painter, who personally executed the wall paintings.

The door treatment by Mr. Blair Leighton in Lady Freda Valentine's house in Mayfair is covered in aluminium leaf touched to tone with the Chinese room

Pictures by Humphrey and Vera Joel

The fireplace is treated by means of a brazier of wrought-iron backed by dull gold tiles with a black marble base

With the above conditions in mind, the artist has not attempted to reproduce any particular Chinese paintings, but after considerable study of records and pictures in the British Museum and other galleries has created a design embodying the spirit of China as felt by him. He also realized that it would be necessary to transpose the dark rich tones often met with in Chinese painting, and has therefore taken as his thematic colours a gradation of pale straw, satinwood, and umber. These colours are relieved and accentuated by passages of pale sharp green and slate blue.

Mr. Blair Leighton has been particularly successful in avoiding the impression of each wall as a separate picture for which the corners serve merely as a boundary. His design is built up to support the architectural features of the room, while masses such as the door and fireplace are linked together in an encircling rhythm, thereby creating a remarkable impression of space. Colour contrasts and modelling are carefully disciplined in order to preserve the surface of the wall and give a restful effect.

AND THE WOMEN OF TOMORROW

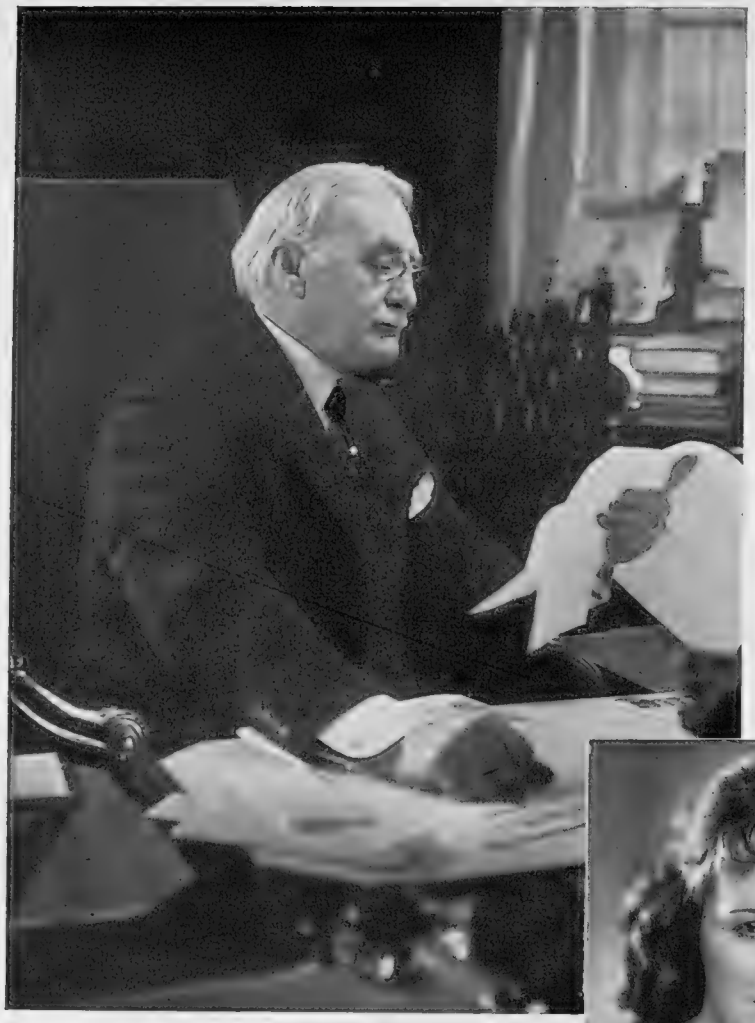
* AUTUMN FASHION IDEAS

MISS BILLIE SCHOFIELD wearing a beautiful evening coat by Tinling. It is executed in cloth sprayed with gold and trimmed with eau de nil ostrich feathers

TWO AUTUMN STYLES: That on the left is in a hunter-green woollen material trimmed with silver-grey satin; the other of beige finely-woven woollen cloth trimmed with brown crêpe de chine and brown buttons. It is worn with a brown felt hat

On right—A FASHION FROM ABROAD: A novel pink hat of Jersey cloth with a large bow to match

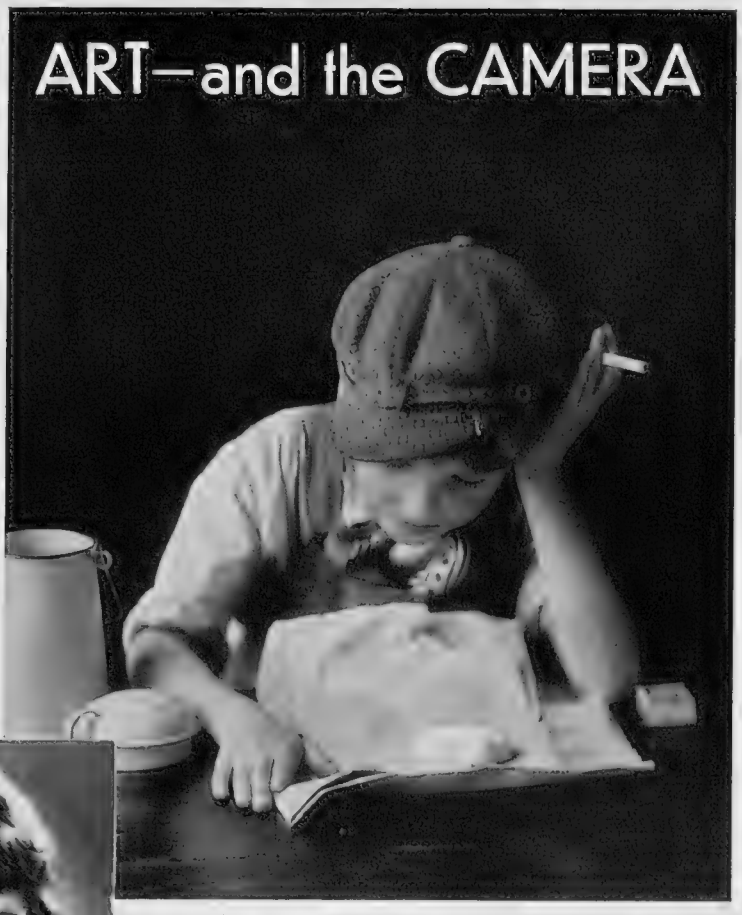
ART—and the CAMERA



MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE: A superb camera portrait by Alexander Corbett in the exhibition at Prince's Galleries

Inset—"OUR GRACIE," a portrait by Eric Gray of the famous Lancashire comedienne who has a voice capable of dealing with vehicles so diverse as "In the Wood Shed She Said She Would" and "Pagliacci"

All the photographs on this page are from the Professional Photographers Associations Exhibition with the exception of the terrapin picture which is exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society's house in Russell Square



"SPOTTING THE WINNER": A photographic study, by Miss Ethel Eadow of Sheffield, incarnating in brilliant fashion by means of subject and composition the whole precocious philosophy of the horsey type of street arab. It was one of the high-lights in the exhibition at Prince's

A YOUNG ELEGANT TERRAPIN IN WATER: A photographic treatment by W. S. Pitt of a great American table delicacy seen in its natural state. The curious position in which it has been caught recalls the old myth of the eel that balanced itself on its tail to cause a frog which had swallowed the sea to laugh

"LIVING BRONZE": One of three studies by Tunbridge in the Photographic Exhibition that has occupied Prince's Galleries for the major part of the current month. The exhibition was in two sections, portraits and industrial photography

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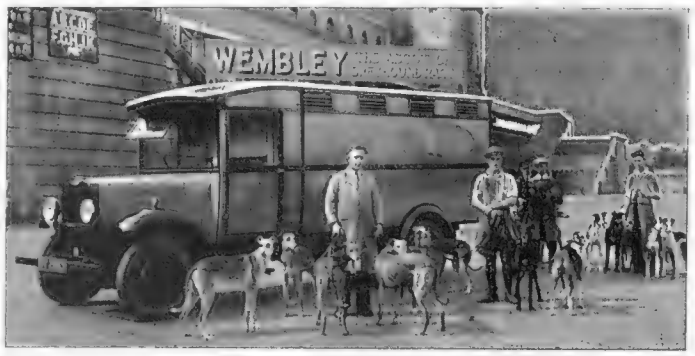
THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE NEW AUSTIN TWELVE-FOUR.—One entirely new model to be known as the Light Twelve-Four is announced in the 1933 Austin programme. All the existing models are retained, and where necessary improved. The policy of the Austin Motor Company is to introduce new models only when new needs have to be met, and to perpetuate the demand for existing models by constantly improving them. There is no doubt that this policy is directly responsible for the comparatively high second-hand values of all Austin cars. The new Austin Light Twelve-Four is in practically every respect the same as the Twelve-Six, except that the engine of the new car, as its name implies, has a 4-cylinder engine. The R.A.C. rating is 11·9 h.p., and the engine has a cubic capacity of just over 1½ litres. I feel certain that this new Austin will be well received and will attract instant popularity. The well-known Austin Seven, which now enters its eleventh year of existence, has been improved, but in its essentials it is still the same successful car as when it was first introduced. The most important improvement this year is the fitting of a 4-speed gear-box having what is generally known as twin-top gears. The starting motor is now mounted forward of the flywheel on the offside, this position giving more leg room to the front passenger. The oil-filler is inclined at an angle which allows the operation of filling up with oil to be carried out more conveniently. The induction and the exhaust manifolds are now combined in one casting, necessitating only one joint instead of three. Petrol is now carried in a 5-gallon tank at the rear of the chassis, and is fed to the carburettor by an A.C. petrol pump. I note the specification includes an improved instrument panel with an electric petrol gauge and an ignition lock.



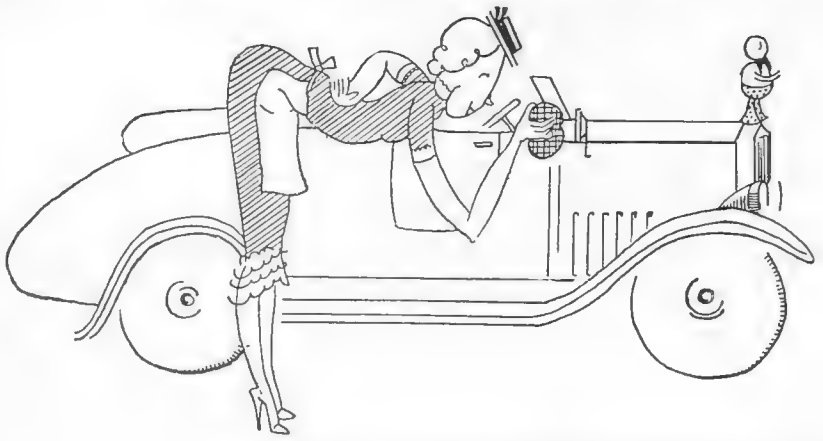
MODERN GREYHOUND TRANSPORT: A special van mounted on a Commer Centaur chassis now used by the Wembley Stadium authorities for conveying racing dogs to and from the track

FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.—The Austin Ten-Four *de luxe* saloon has been improved, and now possesses sliding roof, leather upholstery, Magna wheels, and chromium-plated lamps. Detailed improvements have been made to the Light Twelve-Six, and on all models a 4-speed twin-top gear-box is now standard. The well-known Austin Twelve-Four is fitted with a thermostat as is the case on some of the other models. The Austin Sixteen has been in production for five years and has been improved in many ways, whilst the last and biggest car on the Austin list, namely the Twenty, celebrates its fourteenth year of continuous production by being provided with a thermostat control for the cooling system and bright chromium-plated Byflex lamps. In many cases prices have been reduced, so that the value for money is greater than ever before.

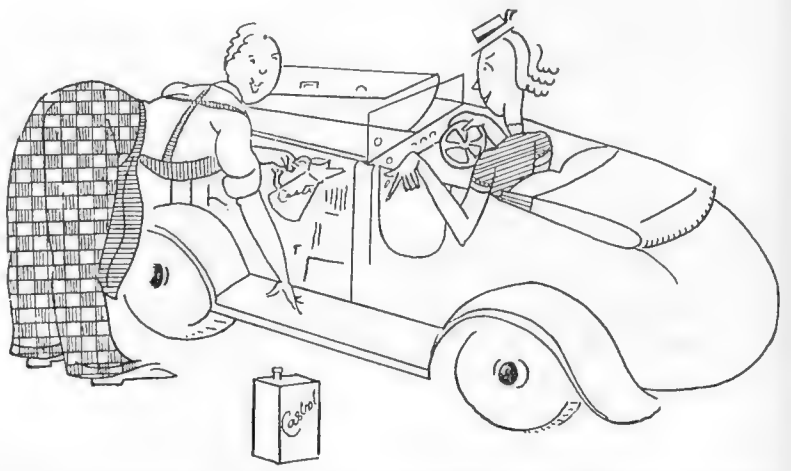
THE MORRIS AUTOMATIC SIGNALS.—Perhaps the most interesting innovation in the new Morris programme is the fitting as standard of ingenious flashing signals on most Morris models for 1933. These fitments are neat, easily operated, and indicate to other road users in close proximity what the driver of the car intends to do. They are designed purposely to copy the traffic signals at cross-roads which are now used in practically every town. A new Morris Ten is announced and included in the programme. This car is designed to cover thirty-five miles to the gallon of petrol, to attain a speed of approximately 60 m.p.h., and yet the annual tax is only £10. The price of this new model, as a fixed head saloon, is only £165. If any motorist desires a Morris car which possesses four seats, and can be run even more economically, there is a new four-door Family Minor model. This car has a longer chassis than the existing Minor and, therefore, has room for a body which gives ample accommodation for four adults, carrying them in comfort even on long journeys. The engine of this car is the well-known 847 cc. side valve power unit, and it is capable of a speed of approximately 50 m.p.h. and runs with a consumption of about 45 m.p.g.

This same long chassis can now be fitted with a Minor special coupé, having leather upholstery, sliding head, large luggage container at the rear, and really nice lines. With the exception of the £100 Morris, all Minors and Cowleys are fitted with twin-top 4-speed gear-boxes as is the case with the 6-cylinder models. The Minors have had their appearance, as good as it was, improved, with a new radiator which is a little deeper than before and which follows the general contour of the radiators on the larger models this year. The manufacturers have paid particular attention to the question of keeping the car clean, and have, therefore, fitted new side shields on nearly all 1933 models; in addition, the wings closely follow the circumference of the wheel, which will certainly assist in preventing mud splashing. The Morris Cowley, Oxford, and Isis engines have all been improved and are now capable of still better performance

TO BOTTOM GEAR AT TOP SPEED: On the 1933 Rovers which are fitted with easy free gear box and optional free wheel, a child sitting in the front passenger seat can change gear even though the driver is not operating the clutch. Above is Miss Audrey Phillips the daughter of the Publicity Manager of the Rover Company, Ltd., obtaining much enjoyment from this new and fascinating operation



Don't you agree that if a girl has a car she ought to know how to look after it? For instance, yesterday I gave my car the thoroughest overhaul. I cleaned the mirror, put the mileage thing back to nought, and made my mascot some new trousers. Now it ought to run perfectly for the rest of the season. Oh, and then I went and had some Castrol put in. That's the stuff that everyone says will save me from having to mess about under the bonnet



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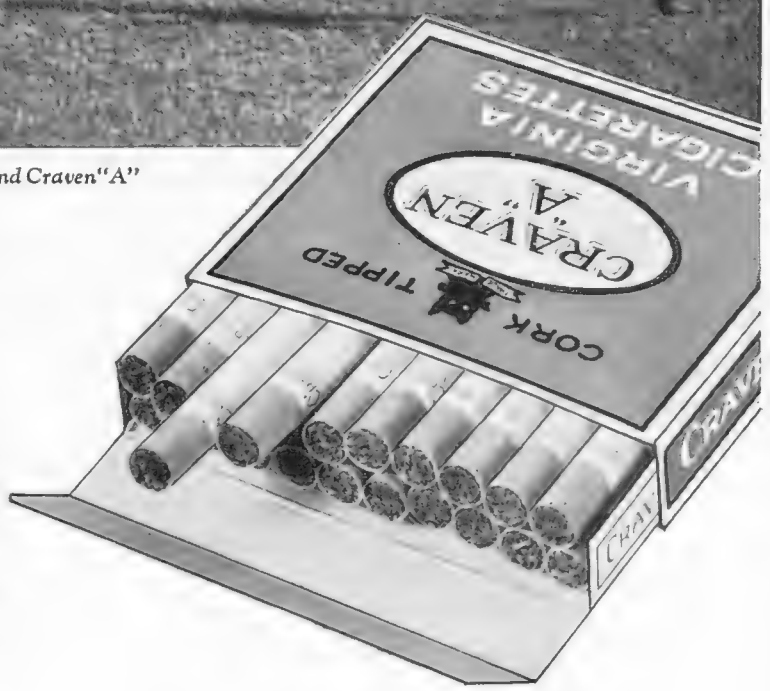

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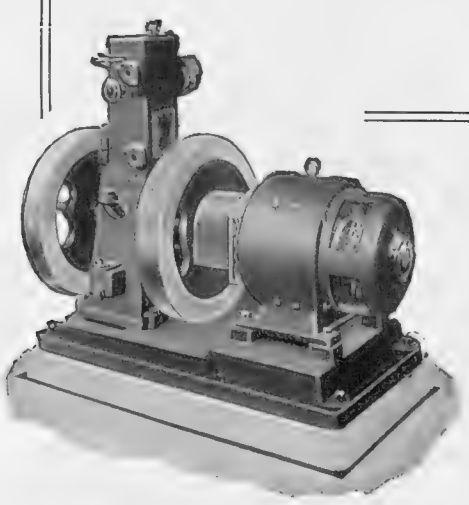

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MANNEQUINS—BY A MAN *(Continued from p. 457)*

Accordingly armed with THE SPHERE'S magic passport, I visited the dressing-room of a famous London theatre where four leading mannequins were giving a stage display of beach wear.

"And romance?" I asked after friendly relations had been established. Shrieks of joyous laughter resounded in the cramped dressing-room.

"You have to be the daughter of a night-club queen to marry into the Peerage," laughed a blonde Helen in a bridal gown.

"You can't really say that romantic adventures pursue a mannequin just because she is a mannequin," smiled a raven-tressed beauty in scanty Riviera attire. "Romance comes to certain girls and avoids others whatever their profession may be."

"As a matter of fact," said the head of a well-known London firm to me, "most of our girls live at home and their salaries go to help the family budget. A mannequin does not have the opportunities of meeting impressionable young men that a chorus girl has (or is alleged to have), for example. She is dealing almost exclusively with women all day long. Of course, our girls have certain advantages over their sisters who earn their living in the city, in that they can buy the best clothes in the world at purely nominal prices, and of course we send them to Ascot to show off our clothes—but that is about all."

"And what can a mannequin earn?" I asked.

"If she is on the staff of one of the big firms, between £150 and £200 a year. That might be said to correspond to the 'safe' bank clerk type of city job. But the more ambitious girl, willing to take the risks of periodic unemployment, is a free lance. She hopes to get taken on at a guinea a day as an extra model during the spring and autumn shows. In the intervals she will develop a 'connection' in dress photography for advertisements, and for special mannequin shows such as the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. She may even combine it with chorus work in review. Such a girl may make anything from £200 to £1,000 a year."

So, gentlemen, you have had your peep through the door marked "Robes, Manteaux," and here, I see, is her ladyship returning with a glow in her cheeks. There remains nothing for you to do now save get out your cheque books. (Yes, madame, I agree with you, a poor joke.)

PLAYS OF THE WEEK *(Continued from p. 465)*

provide a really merry time. The photography, and the technique generally, are brilliantly efficient.

Success is apt to send the average human being from extravagance to extravagance. One might have expected the author of *Cavalcade* to follow up that production with one containing, figuratively speaking, not one troopship but eight, and a cast of five hundred.

But Mr. Noel Coward is not an average human being. Super-human though he is, however, in some respects (particularly in energy) he has the human shrewdness to realize the value of contrast. He also realizes that if, after splashing about on a large canvas, one paints a miniature, that miniature must have the perfection of a Cosway.

Words and Music is hardly a miniature, since the Adelphi has a large stage. Nor can the usual complement of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies and Mr. Cochran's Dancing Gentlemen be accommodated in a mere bandbox of a theatre. But the author has concentrated on neatness of detail, on quality rather than quantity, on economy, not of wit, but of colour, and on three things which not only compensate for an absence of spectacle but are so much more important than spectacle.

It is so characteristic of him that having that fashionable absurdity, a revolving stage, at his disposal he should have used it not for some immensely solemn and immensely expensive contraption, but for a burlesque of such solemnity calculated to knock it flat for some time to come.

For my part, I fear I shall never be able in future to see stage buildings going round and round without thinking of that revolving shell-shattered church, electrically decorated, which was the subtle *clou* of his suggestion of how *Journey's End* might have fared under the Teutonic tutorship of St. Martin's Lane.

Laughter here burst out in Homeric peals, as it did when we were shown the ghastly amateurism of a *Midnight Matinée*, as organized to benefit nothing but the social ambitions of the organizers. Joan of Arc with her mantle caught on a nail, and Miss Ivy St. Helier, thinly-disguised as the high-priestess of the charity-cum-publicity cult, retrieving John the Baptist's head with the crook-end of a walking stick, made me howl with guffaws which pained me right over the week-end.

Another "high spot" of riotous, uproarious fun was the ballet of club members and boarding-house inmates. This reproduced not only the gestures of the Diaghileff days, but its musical idiom.

Noel Coward in his quieter moments was not less clever, though just a few of these did not quite hit the mark. They were a little too long-drawn-out and in the case of the "Children of the Ritz" who cannot escape the social whirl perhaps a little too familiar. But I like Noel to have his "hall-mark." It prevents him from being uncanny and devilish. It is a warm streak.

The three debutantes, acting as a Greek chorus or as the Norns in *Gotterdämmerung* I found depressing bores, partly because they were allotted a dismally chromatic theme which was the essence of all the "blues" ever written.

But for the most part this is not only a funny revue but a jolly one. It is the best thing Mr. Coward has ever done in this medium, for he lashes at many foibles without losing either his temper or his sense of humour.

Of his clever company I would single out Miss Norah Howard for consistent excellence, and Miss Doris Hare for flashes of brilliance. The sober scenic designs were the ideal background for an entertainment that relies so largely on its intelligence rather than on dazzling the many-headed by lavishness.

THE CITY OF NOWHERE *(Continued from p. 455)*

Half an hour later Miss Craig heard voices shouting. Then a broomstick was extended from a group of odd-looking buildings looming out of the darkness. She grasped the stick and the launch was pulled toward one of the floats. She was helped "ashore" and bustled into one of the houses, where in a cosy room blazing logs cast a warm glow from an open fireplace.

Such was the first experience of this young teacher in taking over her initial position.

Imagine her amazement when she found her schoolhouse erected on a float with the Union Jack already flying from the flagstaff. Her surprise was even greater when she discovered its actual size 23 ft. by 15 ft., and examined the equipment, which consisted of twenty-three desks, a complete library of reference books, and other facilities that even the most fastidious city teacher could wish for.

Her first day at school was an education in itself. She had no sooner rung the bell than the children came running from the various floats, lined up, marched into the schoolroom, took off their life belts and stacked them in a neat little pile on a bench near the doorway specially placed there for this purpose.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship need help now in carrying on the important work of turning poor boys and girls into good and useful men and women. The Society trains boys for the Royal Navy, Mercantile Marine, Regular Army, and civil employment; and girls are taught everything necessary to equip them for domestic service. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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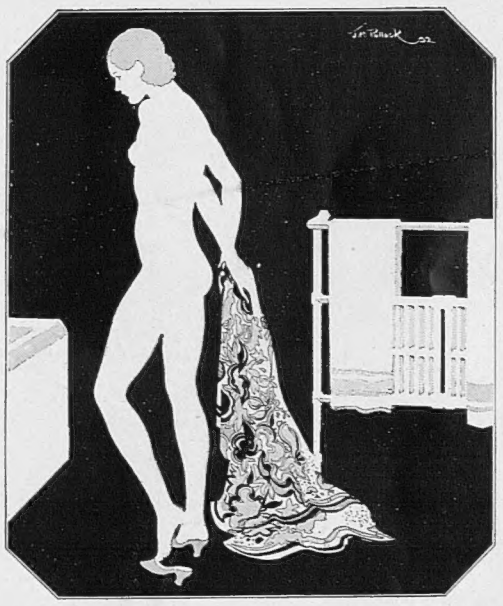

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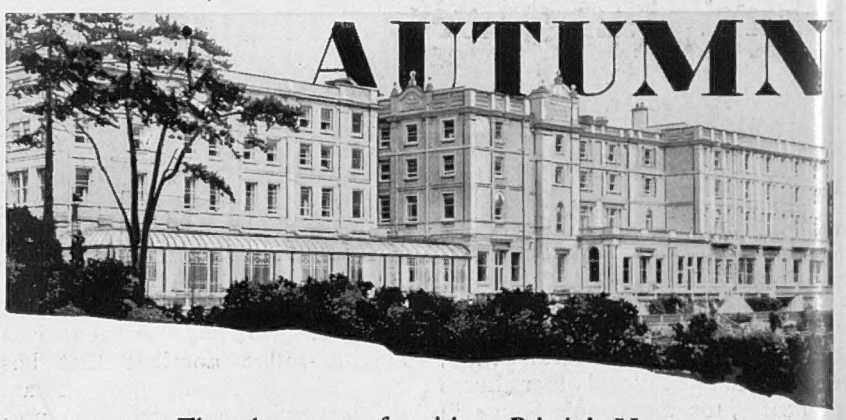

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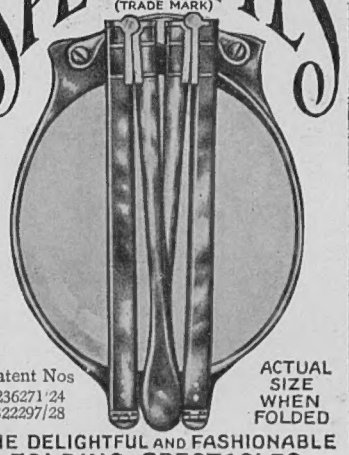

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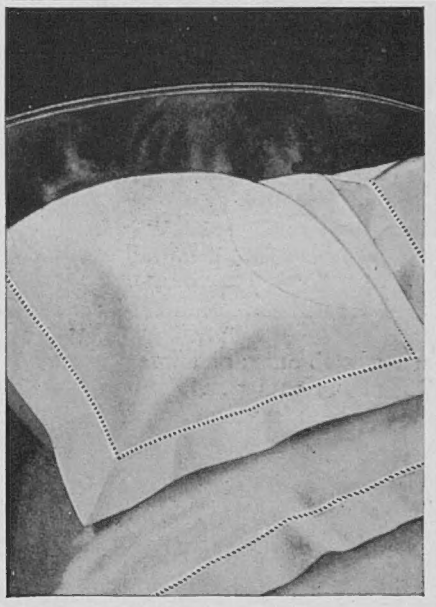

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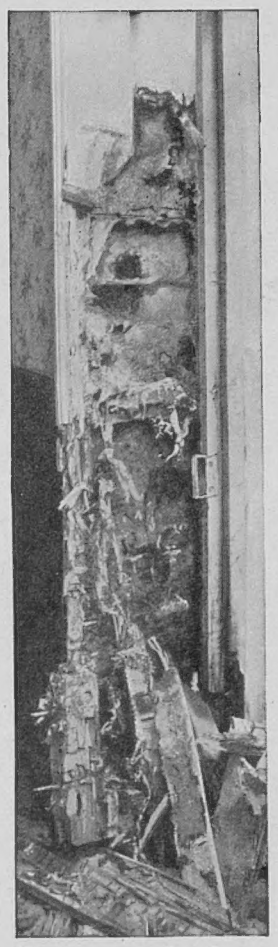

Owing to lack of protection, Dry-rot penetrated behind this wooden casing to such an extent that all the timber had to be replaced at considerable cost. Solignum is a definite preventative of Dry-rot

The Penalty of not protecting Timber

If the trifling cost of Solignum had been included in the outlay on these structures, the destruction caused by Dry-rot, in the one case, and White Ant, in the other, could not have happened.

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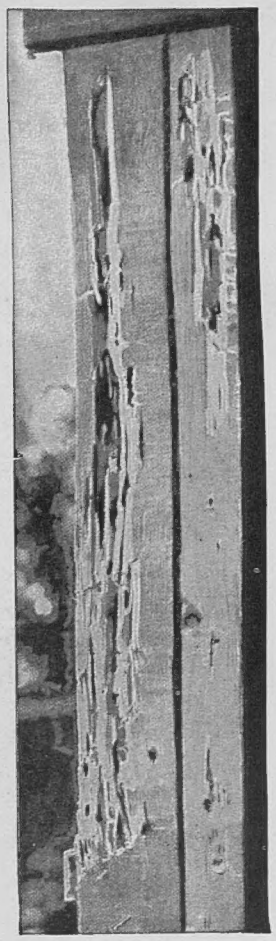

The destruction caused by White Ants was so great in this structure as to render it useless in an incredibly short time. Treatment with Solignum would have saved this loss

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